

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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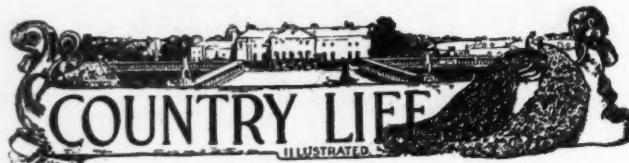
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THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

**INOCULATION
FOR TYPHOID.**

No one expects that inoculation for typhoid could make the system safe against infection in the degree which inoculation with vaccine gives protection against small-pox. But until the reports of the Army Medical Departments on the results of what Miss Cobbe calls their delusive experiment on 40,000 men are published, it will not be safe or wise to conclude that it has been useless. Dr. Conan Doyle, for instance, who is eminently one of the men of sound common-sense whose opinion Lord Roberts would have us wait for, is far from regarding the treatment as a failure. His opinion must certainly be set against Miss Cobbe's summary condemnation, though neither view can be taken without reserve. Dr. Conan Doyle has the facts before him so far as his personal experience goes, but probably has not yet seen the great body of evidence which the profession at home has already received, while Miss Cobbe has no personal experience or first-hand information whatever. Dr. Conan Doyle says: "There is one great mistake which we have made, and it is one which I think will not be repeated in any subsequent campaign. Inoculation for enteric was not made compulsory. If it had been, I believe that we should (and what is more important the army would) have escaped from most of its troubles. No doubt the matter will be threshed out in statistics, but our strong impression from our own experience is that though it is by no means an absolute preventative, it certainly modifies the course of the disease materially. We have had no death yet from among the inoculated, and more than once we have diagnosed the fact of previous inoculation from the temperature char before being informed of it."

If the good done by inoculation is no greater than this, that it saves life probably, but does not prevent a disabling, contaminating disease, our soldiers and volunteers for the front will still desire to benefit by the degree of immunity it gives against death. But we see a distinct danger to our armies in the field from the turn which the discussion is taking. It is pretty clear

that inoculation is at present only one, and that a minor, form of general camp hygiene. If every man underwent it we might still have thousands of men useless, debilitated, and out of action from exactly the same causes as those which have decimated the effectives of the British force in the Transvaal. It is perfectly well known that all this enteric or typhoid fever, each and every case of it, is "a preventable disease," in a sense in which scarlatina, or plague, or malarial fever are not preventable. The germs are conveyed in food or water which is contaminated by the actual dejecta of other typhoid victims, or by soil or water made so filthy by putrefaction or animal decay that it induces symptoms which are almost the same in kind as typhoid. It is this poisoning of water and soil by dirt and filth which has caused all the mischief. It is preventable and is prevented in all our great cities, where the population is vastly more numerous and necessarily more crowded than in temporary camps. In all cities and towns the neglect of such prevention is now regarded even by the least educated public as folly if due to personal negligence, and a positive wrong if due to the authorities; yet in a campaign conducted in a thinly populated region, with the *finest air* in the world, where in most cases there was unlimited camping room, and intervals and pauses in the active operations long enough to undertake considerable works of rough sanitation, this preventable disease has prevailed with as little check as in a mediæval blockade. Modern precautions might have been expected in some degree to rise superior to the circumstances, yet the circumstances, which our army itself created in places favourable to hygiene in the two particulars of fine air and unlimited space for camps, have most emphatically got the better of the precautions. The necessary precautions, the vital life-saving matters of urgency, were mainly two. One was to keep the rivers, dams, and wells free from dead bodies and typhoid dejecta; the other to dig the trenches of the camp latrines deep, and to cover them quickly. It is known that the latter precaution, vital to the health of the camp, was neglected. We have seen a letter from a medical officer at the front stating that in a camp which remained undisturbed in front of the enemy for a month the latrines were only 3ft. deep, that they were allowed to become quite full before they were covered, that the covering was only sand, and that in the dry air all this contamination, often mixed with typhoid germs from incipient cases of the fever, was blown, in what may be called typhoid dust, all over the camp, into the drinking water and over all the food, when the dust storms common to the country were blowing. The men who were not infected with typhoid found it almost impossible to escape dysentery and other kindred disorders, which made them an easy prey to typhoid later. All the time the troops were doing practically nothing, yet the deep digging of latrines and other preventive measures involving labour were not undertaken.

The great outburst of enteric at Bloemfontein and on the march to Pretoria was due in the main not to polluted camps, because the stay in camp was short except at Bloemfontein itself, but to polluted water. Every allowance must be made for the difficulty in the way of securing a pure water supply. It was scanty (yet the army passed many large rivers), and the general belief is that the deficiency of quantity made it extra difficult to preserve the quality of the water. In some cases this is true. Often there was only a small supply in dams or pools for the troops to drink. A small supply, it is urged, is more easily contaminated than a large one. That is true. But it is also far more easy to protect from contamination. We know the mischief which one typhoid-tainted reservoir did at Worthing. But we also know that it is possible to keep both dead animals and dirt away from a small reservoir, though we cannot keep dirt and straying animals from a long length of river. Probably the greater part of the typhoid taint which struck the men at Bloemfontein was imbibed in the water of the river on which the Boers were laagered at Paardeberg. But there is some truth in the fable of the wolf and the lamb; and we cannot but remember that there was untainted water above the Boer laager, however foul it was below it, though the difficulties of procuring it were clearly too great to cope with under the stress of battle. So, too, on the forced marches to Bloemfontein, the utter fatigue and exhaustion of the men, the vast number of straying cattle which reached the water only to drop down and die at the edge, and the absence of any margin of energy after the strain of the long day's marching and occasional fighting, account for much neglect of camp hygiene. But that period lasted at the outside for about a fortnight. For the active armies—though not for the beleaguered garrisons—armies whose rate of movement was unusually slow, which had ample camping ground, and had weeks of waiting in which to make their camps clean, and to cleanse, protect, and improve their water supply, there is no such obvious reason for a devastating epidemic of preventable disease.

What then is to be done for the rest of the campaign, and in future campaigns, to save this loss of fighting strength, to put the matter on purely business grounds, exceeding the loss by wounds by six or seven to one?

In the first place, the advice of the physician as well as of the surgeon must be called in. The preventive forces of the profession must have powers more than equal to those of the surgeons who cure wounds. And instead of being behind the army they must be with the van, to secure the sources of life and health from being poisoned at the front. If our men's fatigues in fighting and marching are such that they have no spare strength left for draining camps, protecting streams, and cleansing reservoirs, we must have, like the ants, an army of workers with their officers, as well as an army of fighters with theirs. We have the material in perfection for a great army sanitary corps, the docile, brave, and industrious East Indians, now employed as bearers and water-carriers, but whose services would have been even more valuable for the cleansing and purifying of our camps and watering-places before or at the time of occupation, and their care and maintenance afterwards.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR front page is honoured by the portrait of the Duchess of Wellington, whose husband succeeded his childless brother quite recently. Her Grace is the youngest daughter of the late Captain Robert Griffith Williams, who was a son of the ninth in the long roll of Baronets, of which Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, is the twelfth. Her Grace, therefore, comes of one of the best-known and most ancient families in North Wales.



IF the English all the world over were a people much given to the celebration of anniversaries, which emphatically they are not, July the Ninth would be accompanied in all the years to come with tremendous rejoicings, for it was the day on which the Australian Commonwealth Bill obtained the Royal Assent and became an Act of the Imperial Parliament. Everything has gone right in connection with that great measure. It came at exactly the right time, when the Colonies and the Mother Country were engaged in a great struggle which had proved the unity of the Empire to be a thing more real and more vital than the mass, even of the more sanguine among us, believed or recognised. There were difficulties in the way which seemed at one time to promise trouble, not because they were real, or because it mattered very much how they were settled, but because in the discussion of them angry feelings might very easily have been roused. That those difficulties have been smoothed over is a consummation for which to be devoutly thankful.

Very graceful and characteristic is the act by which the Queen, with her unfailing tact, has chosen to signalise the great event. She has intimated her desire to present to Mr. Barton, one of the delegates, as trustee for the Federal Parliament of the future, the table on which the Bill lay when it received her signature, and the pen and the inkstand which were in use on that truly epoch-making occasion. Never, perhaps, has the hackneyed saying that the pen is mightier than the sword been more amply justified. The Act is, in its effect, a great and abiding treaty, but seldom, if ever, has so important a treaty been the result of amicable and even affectionate negotiation.

There can be no more striking evidence of the Nation's confidence in its resources and its destiny than the serene manner in which it is facing a situation perhaps without a precedent in its history. At the moment it is engaged in three wars, in South Africa, in Ashantee, and in China, any one of which, in former days, would have affected the money market and the public stocks, the most sensitive index to the feelings of the Nation, with something very like a panic. In the presence

of all three there is no apparent disposition to any demoralisation of the kind. Mr. Kruger was indeed correct in his prophecy that events were at hand which should "stagger humanity," though less precisely informed as to the agency that should bring them to pass. It may fairly be said that civilised humanity has never, within several centuries, been so staggered by any other event as by the appalling calamity that has overtaken civilisation at the hands of Chinese barbarism. Yet for the moment the most important effect has been to unite the civilised Powers in working to a common end with a harmony that no less violent a cause could have produced. And our country, in spite of its troubles elsewhere, is able to take its share in the work and regard the ultimate issue with perfect confidence.

Concerning things in China, in spite of a faint hope that the very worst may not have happened, one hardly dares to speak, for the horror of the worst, if it has happened or is about to happen, is simply unbearable; and the present helplessness of civilisation is pitiable in the extreme. A correspondent writes to us of a "thing seen," to borrow a title from a contemporary, which is exactly the kind of thing that brings the situation home to us. The scene was a railway carriage, in which a young and modest girl was seen to be very anxious for an evening paper. She got an early edition, and at last plucked up courage to ask a fellow-traveller to let her see a later one. She read it; she did not make moan or even weep, but, with eyes full of moisture and a countenance of utter helplessness, she gazed fixedly out of the window, seeing, it is to be feared, not the green fields and the trees and the Thames, which was then gleaming in the sun, but, in her mind, a horrible picture of the barbarous and semi-civilised East. There are thousands of people in the position of that sad and silent girl.

This little extract from a private letter, too, serves to bring home to one the war in South Africa. The writer is a Volunteer officer, and a wonderfully good shot too, who gave up a good professional practice to go out with the service company of his battalion. "I am a truly unlucky man. I had all the trouble of marching through the Free State on half and three-quarter rations, and just when the fun was going to begin I had an attack of enteric. . . . I think I miss my garden most of all. I got in a lot of roses last year from all sorts of places, and I am anxious to know how they are going on. We get no letters here; the postal arrangements are simply abominable. I had an awfully good show of seedling dahlias last year, and intended to have a better this, but Dieu disposes." Yes, and it is men of this kind by the hundred and by the thousand who make this country great.

"Mr. Wyndham stated that seventy-one guns of position, with 11,740 rounds of ammunition, 123 field guns, with 49,400 rounds of ammunition, 297 machine guns, with 4,228,400 rounds of ammunition, had been supplied to China since 1895 by firms in this country. Four hundred and sixty thousand Mauser rifles, with 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, were supplied to China last year by a German firm. The figures he had given of exports from this country were not exhaustive." This also is one of the little things which bring the position home to us. The men and women who have fallen in China have perished by the use of European arms and European ammunition. Civilisation has armed barbarism, and, one supposes, it must always be so, but it is somewhat terrible to contemplate. England and Germany are most responsible. They, and Belgium and France in a less degree, are the ordnance factories of the world.

The difficulties in the way of providing cottages in the country are illustrated by a report prepared for the Maldon Rural District Council on the lack of houses at Bradwell-on-Sea. One instance is typical. A farmer built two cottages at a cost of £400 for the pair. He had to borrow the money and pay interest at 4 per cent., making £8 per annum on each house. His outlay on each house came to above £3 for taxes, repairs, and so on. To get this back it is evident that he would have had to charge a rent of £11 a year, say 4s. 6d. a week. But wages are very low in that district, and the agricultural labourers cannot afford to pay more than the usual 1s. a week, for which sum the cottages were let, the owner having to submit to a weekly loss of 3s. 6d. on each tenant, which the said tenant would certainly not like to see calculated as part of his wages.

Now similar conditions very widely prevail. In former days when farmers and owners had a wider margin of profit they did not consider too curiously what proportion the outlay bore to the probable rent. They built when they required it; but for a good twenty years profits have been shrinking, and on a vast majority of estates it has been necessary for the landlord to seize every opportunity of retrenching. Consequently there has been a great disinclination to build, and if a house fell vacant or into very bad disrepair, down it came without one being put in its place. It now comes to pass that the accommodation is not

nearly sufficient, and there is little prospect of building. The average landlord neither will nor can, and it is not fair to expect it of his tenant. Nor can we take very seriously the proposal that the work should be undertaken by local authorities. It is doubtful if electors would care to see public money so used, and the chances are that great waste would occur through houses being set up when there is only a temporary demand for them.

In the meantime we hear, from those most likely to know, that the exodus from village to town continues at an accelerated rate. The loss is being to some extent made good by improved machinery, especially directed towards the saving of very hard work, for the rustic of to-day will not face the toil of his forefathers. An agriculturist using a great deal of ingenious American machinery for haymaking told the writer he had taken to it chiefly because the young men, after a season's "tossing"—which some think the hardest of all agricultural work—refuse to return. They do not dislike tending or driving machinery, but whatever demands great physical exertion is abhorred by them. This makes it still more difficult to find a solution, for, unfortunately in this misgoverned world of ours, there are no arrangements whereby a man, who lives by manual labour, can be insured against all but "easy jobs." He has to take his chance like the rest.

If we look abroad to find how similar obstacles have been surmounted, what we find is that the dairy comes to the rescue. Professor Liljhagen has recently been laying before the Swedish Agricultural Academy some very interesting statistics, from which we learn that in Sweden there are now 1,550 dairies established either as co-operative associations or joint-stock companies, and in addition to these there are about 200 estate dairies, and a very much larger number of private dairies. In a year such as the present, when copious rains keep the pastures fresh, and are now adding a daily gloom to the harvest outlook, the dairy farmer in England may well feel satisfied that the climate is more suitable to cow keeping than wheat growing. Had this been thought of when the depression began, instead of having been the means to stave off ruin from Denmark and Sweden, we should have had our own co-operative dairies established, and been in the way of manufacturing the butter we now import.

It needs hardly to be said that the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals kept in Captivity, of which Lord James of Hereford has charge in the House of Lords, has our warmest support; but we are inclined to doubt the practical wisdom of attempting, as Lord Portsmouth proposes, and as Lord Kimberley appears to propose, to extend its scope in Committee to rabbit coursing and to hunting what the latter peer is pleased to call "the tame stag." Our objection is not, for the moment at any rate, due to any enthusiastic feeling in favour of either practice, although there is undoubtedly a good deal of exaggeration in the public abuse of the latter. It proceeds rather from a feeling that these suggestions endanger the Bill. No man can be heard to argue in favour of the cruelty which the Bill is designed to check; but a large number of poor men are very fond of rabbit coursing, and many rich men and women ride with the Royal and other buckhounds, and they will be up in arms.

The committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club is hearing a good many home truths, best defined as the most unpleasant things a man's friends can think of to say to him in these days. The ball was set rolling by the cricket reporter of the *Times*, who declared that from the Press stand it was impossible to see the game during the 'Varsity match; and there is no doubt that he was a witness of truth. Then members by the dozen joined in the attack, with accusations of favouritism and the like, which must be very painful to the committee, especially if they happen to be true. But the committee do not seem to be in the least repentant. In a circular of somewhat august tone they announce that "consideration will be given to the matter, with the object of giving the Press, if possible, even better accommodation in the future." That "even" is splendid; but the truth of the matter is that members are indignant, and the committee, if it does not reform itself from within, will soon find itself reformed from without.

Hearty congratulations to the Royal Temple Yacht Club and to Mr. Edward Hore, and to Mr. Payne, the designer, and to the Southampton builder of the good ship *Laurea*. In August of last year she defeated the Comte de Castellane's *Anna* at Ryde, and in her first race with the *Duc de Decazes* *Quand Même* she won a handsome victory. It is not often that in matches of such international importance and interest as that for the *Coupe de France* the same boat can win twice against others specially designed to compete against her.

Very little point is given by the evidence before the Commission on the salmon fishery to the damage so often alleged

to be inflicted on the stock of fish by the seals. It is hard to believe that the seals are not responsible for a deal of death to salmon, in face of the wounds that are seen so often on the autumn running fish in the rivers whose estuary the seals frequent. We have it on good authority that the syndicate by whom the Tay salmon fishing is now, much to its advantage, practically controlled, paid no less than £600, at the rate of £1 per head, for seals killed in the Firth of Tay last year—a convincing proof that they are satisfied of the damage done by the seals. It is something like a revelation to find that seals come about the coasts of Scotland in such numbers as these figures show, and it will be interesting to see what evidence under this head comes before the Commission.

In these days when fishing is so much sought for and so hard to come by, a most ideal possession for a rich man would be the entire possession of a river, so that he could control the fishing from source to mouth. A very few are actually so favoured, and in some cases the increased numbers of fish caught by rod and line go far to prove the wisdom of their undivided control. In private hands it is perhaps impossible that any but the smallest salmon rivers can thus be held; and these are subject to the disadvantage that they remain so short a while in fishable order. In spite of one day, they are running down too fine within two days later. On the Grimersta they actually control the flow of water by a big dam and hatches—a counsel of something like heroism. But the Grimersta, in the far-off Lewis, possesses the blessing of being so distant from a market that netting can hardly pay. Even nearer the centres of civilisation, where the netmen are paid by a small fixed wage and a percentage on the catch, the percentage has lately been so low that the sum total is hardly a living wage.

The sale at Crabbet Park last week of Arab horses bred and imported by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt proved conclusively that though there is a demand for these horses at profitable prices, the general public are not as a rule prepared to go so high as the breeders of Arabs desire that they should. As a consequence, only three of the twelve animals submitted for sale changed hands; but as, it may be added, such prices as 200 guineas and 120 guineas were declined for brood mares, 145 guineas and 105 guineas for two year old colts, and 110 guineas for a three year old, it cannot well be argued that the Arab horse was without friends and admirers amongst the numerous and fashionable company present, which included Viscount Hampden, Lord and Lady Davey, Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala, the Duke and Duchess of Bassano, the Countess of Malmesbury, the Dowager Countess of Mayo, Mr. Lecky, M.P., and many other well-known people.

Mr. Blunt, in responding to the toast of his health, which had been proposed in particularly graceful terms by his neighbour, Viscount Hampden, availed himself of the opportunity provided for expressing his opinion upon the subject of cavalry remounts. Being as he is a practical man, it is needless to remark that he fully identified his sentiments with those of Sir Walter Gilbey as regards the superior value of the smaller class of animal for this purpose, but Mr. Blunt proceeded a step further when he suggested the establishment of Government breeding studs; not in England, but in South and North America, North-Western India, and Australia. As a matter of course, Mr. Blunt being the proposer of the scheme, such studs were to be founded on an Arab basis; and beyond a doubt the speaker in the course of his observations made out a strong case for the horse of the desert and of his affections. There is, moreover, no denying the fact that the Arab possesses stamina and temper beyond most other varieties of horseflesh, whilst he can be kept in good condition and fit to go on coarse and un nutritive food upon which many animals would starve. These alone are strong planks in the Arab platform it may possibly be worth the while of horse breeders to consider.

The rainbow trout seems on the whole to be justifying its importation. There is a very prevalent notion that these fish wander away from their home waters; but it is always to be remembered that a little evidence of the positive kind, such as a fish well grown, from small beginnings, found in the water to which it was first introduced, is worth a deal of the negative kind, such as failure to find fish in waters once stocked with them. We often fish vainly enough where there is no doubt that fish abound, and probably the rainbow is there more often than is supposed.

A correspondent writes: "In February of this year young rainbow trout were turned down in Waterville Lake, County Kerry. On June 16th I got one of the rainbows in a tidal pool. This fish weighed 4oz., was quite thick and short, and had silver coating on him from the salt water. Another rainbow

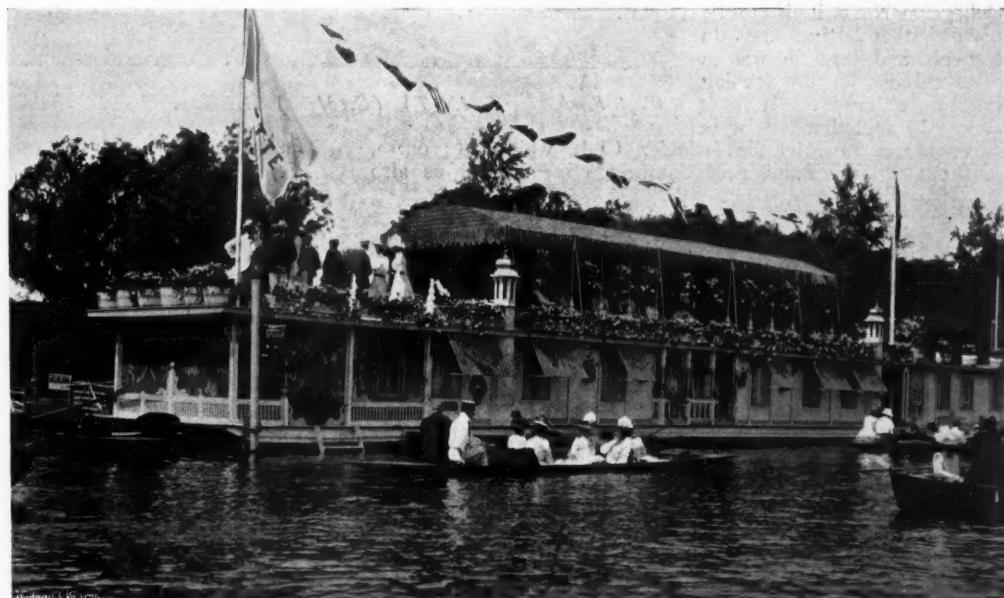
about the same weight, was caught four miles up a river which runs into Waterville Lake, evidently making his way to the upper lakes. This goes to show that some of these fish follow the sea trout to the upper lakes, while others accompany the young of the sea trout to the sea. In any case it would seem as if the rainbow trout was a bit of a rambler, and that it need not be expected that he will stay about the place where he is liberated, as is generally imagined."

The very poorest districts of the West of Ireland most undoubtedly lose a good deal of money by neglecting to take advantage of the splendid opportunities which the Gulf Stream brings to their door. Many of the wild, rugged portions of the

Atlantic Coast have a climate milder than, perhaps, any part of the United Kingdom, and there are plenty of little sheltered nooks where early vegetables, flowers, or fruits might be produced in great perfection. The trade in Jersey-grown potatoes is a big one, two or three steamers a week carrying them to England, while in Ireland—the land of the potato—hundreds of acres could be grown at far less cost, with labour and land not half so dear as in the Channel Islands. Canary Island potatoes are largely sold in the Dublin markets, and have been fetching from 15s. to 22s. per cwt. It has been found that potatoes planted in November in the West of Ireland do exceedingly well, though the general practice is to start the tubers in the house and plant out in February.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA

SOCIALLY—partly for reasons which lie on the surface and partly for other reasons which cannot exactly be defined or understood—Henley Regatta of 1900 was not the unmitigated success which the regattas of old time used to be. There were times at which one thought that the fault might lie in the observer and not in the things seen. Most people will remember that the late Mr. Edmund Yates not long before his death produced a book in which he deplored the fact—or fact as it seemed to him to be—that Bohemia had vanished. Bohemia had not really in the least vanished; it was there, and its ways were as reckless and as pleasant as ever. But Mr. Yates had grown out of it. In like manner the saying, which has been prevalent for two or three years, that Henley was not what it used to be, was discounted a good deal on the ground that at forty or fifty men could hardly expect that unalloyed enjoyment which was theirs between eighteen and twenty-five. But this year no such discount was



W. A. Rouch.

"THE CIGARETTE."

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necessary, for there was no doubt that the houseboats were few and far between; that the pleasure craft were not what they used to be; and that as a picnic Henley was distinctly wanting in brightness. The war no doubt had something to say in the matter; the war, indeed, has something to say in all matters. The arrangements made by the authorities—particularly that one which forbade the position for a houseboat to pass from hand to hand—were also an important influence. Moreover, although the weather was never really bad on any day during the regatta, the sky still never wore that look of perfect serenity which gives an absolute assurance of good weather to come.

That is one side of the thing. On the other hand, even at Henley the racing is of some importance, and it is not a little encouraging to find that in a year when Henley was socially dull, Henley was from the point of view of oarsmanship better than it has been for many a long day. At any rate, the races were closer. They are in a measure ancient history now, and it is not necessary to do more than refer to the leading features of the regatta. First among them we would place the very excellent display made by the Belgian crew, who owed rather to ill-luck than want of skill the fact that they did not row

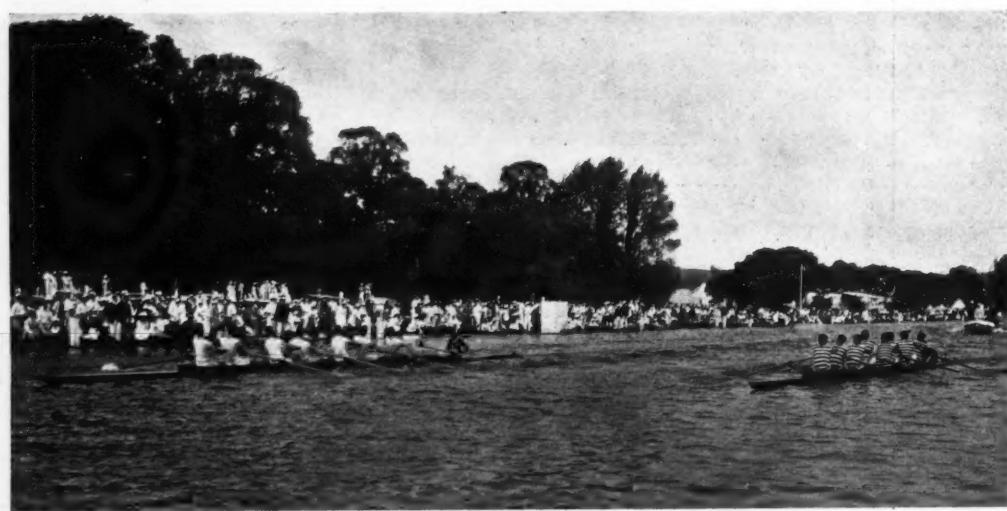


W. A. Rouch.

A VIEW ACROSS THE WATER.

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on the last day. Next, it should be noted that the rowing of the Isis was scantily represented, and it is to be hoped that the runaway Boat Race of 1900 is not going to have a permanent influence in rendering the river less popular at Oxford. We were pleased, however, to see that the Dublin University Boat Club got in for the final of the Thames Challenge Cup, and gave Trinity College, Cambridge, a remarkably severe race. Given station and better steering, the men from T.C.D. might well have beaten a very strong crew from Trinity College. Next it is to be noted that the regatta through and through was a great success for the leading Cambridge crews. It may almost be said that they were never beaten save by the Leander Club, which, of course, sent out a large number of Cambridge men. Let us also



W. A. Rouch. TRINITY (CAMBS) BEAT DUBLIN FOR THAMES C.C.

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fatal half length in the end. E. G. Hemmerde, of University College, Oxford, also won the Diamond Sculls, beating that very fine sculler, Howell, who has a tremendous record behind him. And Hemmerde sculls very well, and rowed his race with great judgment, and he will be heard of again. But the issue really was rather painful. He ought not to have rowed at all, for he was suffering from the effects of fever; and when, after rowing a very game race, he fell out of his boat at the finish and was nearly drowned, there was a very unpleasant sensation. The feeling with which one regards a race of this kind is primarily, of course, that of admiration for the man who made so plucky a fight; but reflection suggests to one that the game was hardly worth the candle, and that the risk was really considerable. One feature more, and we have done. COUNTRY LIFE yields to no one in admiration of the Universities as schools of rowing; but it regrets that so few of the London clubs were seen on the course during the last day.

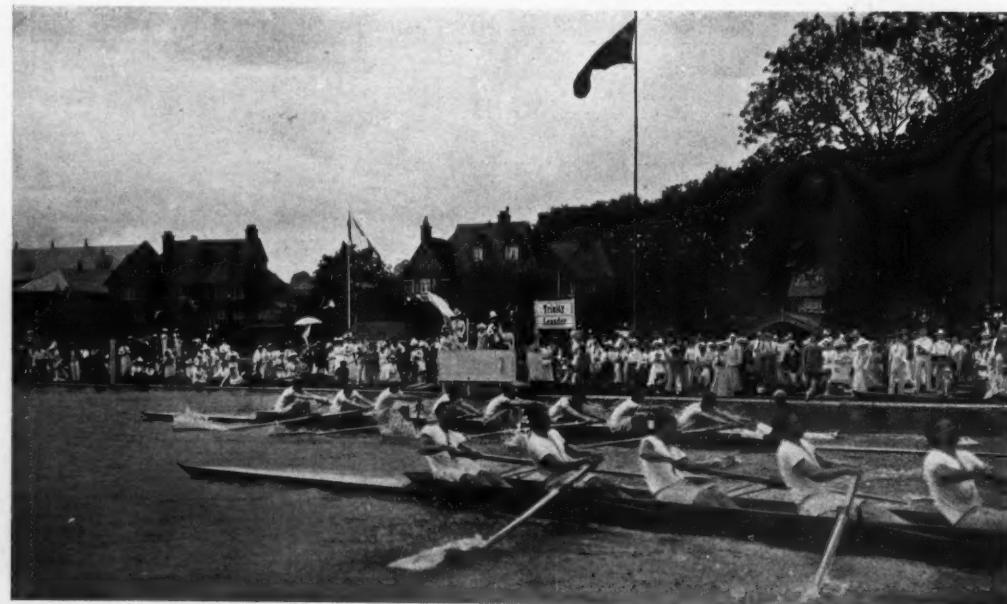
There is, indeed, ground

for fear that serious rowing is being neglected on the tidal waters, and that rowing clubs, except Leander, which is



Rouch. ETON AND NEW—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE LADIES' PLATE. Copyright—"C.L."

just look through the results, and see what a triumph they show for Cambridge. Leander beat Trinity in the Grand Challenge. Trinity beat Dublin University in the Thames Challenge Cup. Trinity and Leander met in the final for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, and Leander won. Trinity did pretty much what they pleased with Magdalen College, Oxford, for the Visitors'. Trinity Hall ran away with the Wyfold Challenge Cup; and, finally, the destination of the Silver Goblets and the Nickalls Challenge Cup was decided between two crews from Trinity College, Cambridge. This last race was indeed a meeting of giants. This is not to say that Oxford had not its real successes. New College, for example, won the Ladies' Challenge Plate after a grand struggle against Eton; but there were not wanting those even amongst Oxford men who are not Etonians who would have been glad if the Light Blue boat, and not the other, had led by that



Rouch. LEANDER BEAT TRINITY (CAMBS) FOR GRAND CHALLENGE. Copyright—"C.L."

recruited from a particular class, find it difficult to obtain new members belonging to a stratum of society not inferior to the University stratum, which would be much benefited by hard exercise.

On the Green.

MR. LAIDLAW showed a recovery of his old form in the meeting at North Berwick the other day. It is true that there was not in the field against him the player who was likely to be his most dangerous foe, Mr. R. Maxwell to wit. Mr. Maxwell has, perhaps, shown the greatest golfing ability of all the amateur players in the present year. Mr. Hilton, it is true, beat him in the amateur championship, and beat him pretty severely; but Mr. Maxwell showed to better advantage than Mr. Hilton in the open championship, although the scoring conditions under which the latter was played are considered to be especially favourable to Mr. Hilton's rare steadiness. Both Mr. Hilton and Mr. Maxwell have done some great things in other competitions besides these in which they met, and for the moment it may be said these two are, without much cavil, the strongest amateurs in England and Scotland respectively. For the moment, too, another fact is very apparent—that in spite of Mr. Hilton's double win of the open championship in previous years, there is no one amongst the amateurs capable of holding his own with the professional players. The result of the championship at St. Andrews emphasised that decidedly. Of the professionals it is not quite clear whether Taylor or Vardon is the better. In all probability, if a vote were taken of those with any pretensions to judge, the result would be that Vardon would be selected as the stronger in match play, Taylor the stronger in play by score. The latter is so wonderfully and mechanically steady, that as a score player he is unrivalled, but the former has more of that terrifying brilliancy that overwhelms an opponent. Taylor is not nearly so likely as Vardon to strike sheer terror into his enemy's heart, and that is a quality that is of great value in matches (Mr. John Ball, at his best, seemed to possess it in a very high degree), but makes no mark at all on the scoring card.

Now that we have lost Mr. Tait, the professionals are for the moment better, relatively speaking, in comparison with the amateurs than at any other time in the last decade—that is to say, there is a wider margin separating the performance of Taylor in the last championship, and even of Vardon, from any performance that any amateur is capable of, than has existed ever since Mr. Ball first won the open championship cup from the holding of professional hands.

We are glad to hear that Taylor denies all intention of going to America. We have a prevalent notion just now that America means to steal from us all that we have of golfing, our best and brightest; and out of that general notion perhaps came the gossip that Taylor, after winning the championship, would go dollar-hunting. No doubt the dollar is a pleasant and a desirable quarry, but Taylor does not seem bent on the quest of it for the moment, although, seeing that he has a ranch of his business in the States, he might have more motives than one for paying them a visit over there. We owe not a little to America's interest in golf. Our hickory, still unrivalled for shafts of golf clubs, we have ever got from the States; and now they are sending us over quaint kinds of woods, imperishable, for the heads of clubs, such as dogwood, silvian, and persimmon. The one thing they do not supply to us, nor does any other quarter of the globe supply it in sufficient quantity, is the gutta-percha for the balls. With this product at its constant rate of advance in cost we shall be driven soon to the old feather ball again, or some species of composition. No doubt there is a big proportion of base material that is not gutta-percha in many of the balls on the market that claim gutta-percha as their sole component. In comparing Taylor's marvellous score at the last championship with previous records, we have to reckon in the calculation the undoubted improvement in club materials, and on the other side the possible deterioration in the quality of the ball.



W. A. Rouch.

HENLEY: BEHIND THE BOOMS.

Copyright—"C.L."

clay-bird competitions fashionable. Possibly they do not. The meetings are enjoyable enough as it is; perhaps more than they would be if they were really trials of the best shooting skill in England. I am no reformer and am quite happy to let things be, and should never have mentioned the matter had it not been that clay-bird shooting does come under the title under which I have been writing: "Advice and Advisers about Killing Driven Game." But now that the subject has been reverted to it can do no harm to thrash it out.

Rules against choke-bores and putting the gun to the shoulder before calling "pull" might induce game-shooters; but probably more inducement would be to vary the shooting so much, by pace and angle of the clays, that it would handicap a shooter to adopt these methods. I am well aware that this means a greater number of traps, and a totally new arrangement of everything; probably it would relegate some of the scratch men to a handicap distance; but, considered as a thing at which game-shooters can compete with fair chances to themselves, that does not concern the argument. Probably it concerns very much the chances of carrying out any such reforms. What are, in fact, the chances offered to the game-shooter? He takes his stand before three traps, each of which is set to throw the clays at the same pace, but at slightly different angles on the same elevation. Unless there is considerable wind there is very little allowance necessary for the first shot, if the gun is set, like a pigeon gun, to shoot somewhat high; for the second barrel there may be some lateral allowance necessary, and besides, it is well to shoot under the bird, for it is falling. These are the easy angles for game shooting; the skill required, and the only skill, is to get the gun off considerably quicker than it can be brought to the shoulder from the position a game-shooter would hold it in. Consequently not only is the latter obliged to shoot in a different style, but also to aim in a manner unknown in game shooting for a bird rising in front. Moreover, if the clay was suspended in the air, still, at the distance it has got by the time the gun is brought up from below the elbow, not one shot in five from the game gun would break it, and not two in five hit it. That has been proved. The distances at which the clay is taken are about 30 yards for the man who holds the gun to the

Shooting: Old Methods . . . and New Ones.—II.

ACORRESPONDENT in the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE confirms nearly all I have said about clay-bird shooting, but at the same time he confuses my remarks about the championship meeting with those which were intended to relate to practice at clay-birds, and not to competitions. The two things are absolutely different. Any single shooter's views are of value when they can be applied with advantage by others, but I am afraid that the opinions held by the few people who have practised until they have become "clay-bird shot on the scratch mark" are a very long way from commanding themselves to the majority of game-shooters, for the latter avoid clay-bird competitions consistently. I should be very sorry to say a word that could damage the interests of a movement in which I have taken keen interest, but at the same time I have been very much disappointed to find that with all the experience the managers of the clay-bird tournament have had, they have never yet properly faced the fact that the public leave it alone. This is so, not because the shooting sportsmen do not like

shoulder, 40yds. for the man who holds it as he would in walking up partridges ; and, of course, for experimental purposes, the clay has been taken thin edge towards the shooter—the same as it flies from the traps. As an old game shooter myself I may venture here a personal remark, because later I am going to record a personal experience. Game guns have a habit of growing on a shooter. I have five myself, and uses for them all, uses even in practice at clay-birds ; but there is not one of them that would break that sitting mark more than twice in four times, so that it would be necessary for me to invest in a new gun before I could shoot with the least chance of beating the worst performer who possesses a full choke-bore. I may say in passing that I have killed many thousands of head of British game, including deer, grouse, pheasants, and all kinds of the low ground game birds and marsh wildfowl. Personally I do not find it any "fun" to enter into competition when I know, at starting, that my gun will not kill if I aim right. Does not the absence from the Inanimate Bird-Shooting Association of the majority of game shooters prove that I am only recording a general view ?

But, on the other hand, I take a gun down to a shooting school, either to try the gun or to try my own shooting. Assume the latter, and an expert conductor of the proceedings giving his orders by signal from immediately behind me. First, there is a bird straight overhead and another away to the left ; I kill the first and turn partly to get on the other. "Ah ! do not turn," exclaims the expert, "it is no test to shoot a stopping bird ; shoot both in front." And so I make up my mind to do ; but the next bird is a low-quarterer right across the ground, and the next a half-quarterer coming in, and in the other direction, and all starting, of course, from different points. Expecting a bird

scratch men have become splendidly proficient at doing one certain thing, by continual practice at it, is not to admit that it was worth doing. If it were, the handicap would make these competitions fashionable, but I do not believe handicapping is what is wanted. They have it at clubs, and yet competitions at clubs are not on the increase ; far from it. Then, at the somewhat similar game of live pigeon shooting, they have the handicap also, but that has not restored live pigeon shooting to popular favour. Thirty years ago a man who won most at Hurlingham and the Gun Club was said to be the best shot in England. Now the term is never applied to a pigeon shot, and the reason of this appears to be that the method of killing game has totally changed, and it does not follow that a crack pigeon shot is even a moderate performer at all-round shooting. One of the crack pigeon shots was lately performing at the high tower at the London Sporting Park. He could not hit them, but neither could he conceive that he was missing. He declared he saw holes right through them ; then he sent for another gun ; again he changed, and at last he turned to the attendant with the question : "Can anybody break them ?" But this is only one instance amongst hundreds. They all have a bearing on the popularity of clay-bird competitions, and if the latter had any on game shooting they would not languish for want of support.

Of course, I have no right to refer to the clubs, and my remarks therefore are based on the experiences of the Inanimate Bird-Shooting Association. My point is not that it would spoil a man's shooting at game to take part in competitions. The scratch man says it would not, and he probably is right. But he also shows that, being a game-shot, he had to learn a new method before he could shoot his best at the competition. I am afraid that it has been



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AN OLD GARDEN AT WINCHFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from the tower, I almost fail to see the first quarterer until it is out of bounds, and if I had had my gun at the shoulder prepared for the tower bird, should have been too late or should have failed to see the bird at all. Then a bird rises in front, a regulation competition bird, which I promptly miss, and recognise the handicap of the game gun ; but if that particular target was unfavourable to the game gun the others had favoured it. In competition there are no others, for then, if there are tower competitions they come separately, and you can change your gun especially for them. Next there is a regular covey of clay-birds, all at different angles, and out of which you are expected to select a brace and kill them in front. Then with a pair of guns and a slight interval between the flights the shooter is expected to stop four out of another covey. This is practice, and as it goes on the expert will be quietly observing what particular shots are mostly missed, and the reasons why they are not successful will be explained. Then a few successive shots of the same kind ought to put the matter right.

But even this kind of clay-bird practice fails in one respect—the variation of pace is not studied very much, and a shooter can learn in a few shots the proper length, and shoot entirely by lineal measurement, instead of partly by time, such as is represented by swing. But the expert knows this, too, and although he does not alter the springs of his traps, he marches you in close under them and gives you an experience in back bending as well as racing your bird. Conducted in this fashion, I have said nothing against clay-bird practice as an assistance for game shooters. But the competitions are entirely different affairs, and to succeed in them requires a good deal of practice at the favoured angles, and in the favoured methods, and with a gun few shooters possess, so that it seems doubtful whether the majority will ever agree with the minority of scratch-mark men that the game is worth the candle. To say that the

demonstrated by incontestable facts that the majority will not take this trouble. They may be right, for they know that it is the manner of bringing the gun to the shoulder that makes the brilliant shot ; and they are aware that in the field you might as well do it the day before, as the minute before, the game rises, and that neither the one nor the other will assist their aim or improve their form.

At present anyone, whether a good or a bad shot, can soon practise up the particular aims required for the clay competitions if he gives the necessary trouble and attention, but this does not apply to game shooting ; a man without aptitude can become first-rate in one, and he can improve in the other, but never become first-rate. The writer of the letter signed "Scratch Mark" probably knows all about game-shooting, but there are a good many scratch men who do not. One of them gave me a lesson which I will repeat. "Never," he said, "see your sight ; you will never shoot if you do." Then another day he was performing at the overhead birds from the high tower, but he could not hit them. "You are not leading them enough," said the attendant. "The infernal gun gets in the way ; I cannot see them !" he replied. It was evident, then, that he was actually shutting one eye to draw a bead ; otherwise he could not have lost sight of them.

The Inanimate Bird-Shooting Association may have higher aims than inducing game-shooters to join them. They may believe, as I do, that any sort of practice which will teach the nation to shoot is true national economy. If it were possible in this country to start at the lower classes and work upwards until everyone could shoot with gun or rifle this article would never have been written. But clay-birds are not yet one of our staple imports from America.

ARGUS OLIVE.



THE STEAM POACHER.

THE skipper of the steam trawler Venture looked from a slate and pencil which he held in his hands to a Dutch gunboat that was patrolling her country's shore. He was making a calculation, and with the object of assisting his brain he sucked the pencil and thrust his fingers through his thick matted hair.

"That's the way I reckon it," he said, after a pause, removing the pencil from his mouth and looking hard at his slate. "Nought an' nought's nought; two an' two's four, an' three's seven, an' four—seven an' four, seven an' four—"

"Twelve," interrupted the mate.

"Twelve—that's two down an' carry one," continued the skipper.

"Isn't it eleven?" asked the third hand, but dubiously.

"Fetch the boy," commanded the skipper.

They roared for the boy, and he came up from his galley, hot and curious. Seeing what was required of him, he instantly became important.

"Add that up, Joe," said the skipper. "Not that it isn't right, but just so you can prove it. We always used to prove 'em when I went to school, an' that isn't so many years since neither. In arithmetic two minds are better nor one. Figures are like compasses—it's surprisin' 'ow far out they get if you don't watch 'em."

"Ninety-one," said the boy, with the casual cleverness of a juvenile fresh from a free school.

"Ave you proved it?" asked the skipper, distrustfully.

"You don't prove this sort o' sum—it's subtraction, an' so on," replied the boy; "but I'll just run it down from the top. Yes," he added a few seconds later, "it's all right. Ninety-one. That's nothing to what we did ashore. There was a boy that 'ud run up one column an' down another so fast that the master couldn't catch him."

"Ah! They ought to ha' put 'im in a show," said the skipper. "A clever 'un like that 'ud soon make 'is fortin. I once saw a pig at a fair that was real 'andy at figures. It 'ud pick 'em out like a human being."

"It isn't brains, it's smellin', in a case like that," said the third hand, who came originally from a farm. "They do it this way: If number one smells like swill—"

"That 'ud be thought-readin'," broke in the skipper, unceremoniously.

"Any more figures?" demanded Joe.

"Not now," said the skipper. "Go below, an' finish washin' up, an' mind you don't leave so much grease on the mugs."

The boy spat upon the deck, by way of showing that such a calculation as that which he had just made was a mere trifle to him, and as a challenge to put him more fully upon his mettle. After this he dropped leisurely below, and resumed his domestic duties.

"Ah, 'e's a clever 'un," said the skipper, admiringly. "They ought to put 'im in a bank."

"Well," asked the mate, who had as yet scarcely spoken, "is it worth the risk? Will it pay?"

"That's the point," said the skipper, vigorously. "The gear's worth seventy-one pound, an' I'm allowin' a fine o' twenty if we're caught. I'll say nothing o' the gao part o' the business. That's ninety-one altogether. Now, as I've shown on the slate, if that old hooker of a warship catches us they'll confiscate the gear an' fine us twenty pound at least, even supposin' I keep free o' prison. The Venture'll come out like a shorn sheep. But if we manage to do 'em it'll be a good thing for both us an' the old josser that employs us. We'll vote by ballot. All in favour say 'Aye,' an' them that think otherwise say 'No.'"

Each member of the crew held up a grimy hand in silent acquiescence.

"Now the 'Noes,'" said the skipper. "There aren't any, which is better. That's the ticket for me. It's three p.m. in the afternoon now, an' my name isn't Appleton if by this time to-morrow we aren't runnin' for Grimsby Market with a 'eavy catch o' prime. Smart now, let's be off. That sly old tub's got an eye on us, an' we shall spoil our game if we aren't careful."

The Venture headed from the shore and steamed across the open sea, far enough to sink the coast below the horizon, and to be completely out of sight of the patrolling warship. By this time it was dark. Then the steamer's bows were turned again shoreward, and, without lights of any sort showing, she chunked over the calm water, a sharp look-out being kept to avoid collision with other ships that might be passing.

Appleton's design was simple. It was to get within the three-mile limit, scoop up as much of the plenteous fish there as he could in the hours of darkness, and, despite the law and the gunboat, carry his catch to an English market, and prosper on the proceeds. With the help of his crew he had reckoned up the matter *pro* and *con*, and had determined that the risk was a fair one, and worth running. As he had said, arrest would mean the loss of about £100 at least, but the fish inshore was known just then to be abundant and of good quality, and with hard trawling it was quite likely that a steamer would have a cargo the sale of which would mean a profit of perhaps £200. "Besides," said the skipper, after putting these details forward, "there's the fun o' the risk. An' you can't get enjoyment in this world without payin' for it."

"The boss 'll be the biggest loser," said the engineer.

"An' the biggest gainer," returned the skipper, "and that bein' so, there's no cause for 'im to 'oller, even if things do go a bit crook. There's no rose without its thorns. That's where logic comes in."

"I don't see it," said the engineer, as if inviting argument.

"I can't put brains into skulls," said the skipper; and this being to him a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, he made his final arrangements for the night. So far as he could tell, the gunboat was distant enough to enable the Venture to get very near the shore and put her trawl down; but at any moment the enemy might reappear and swoop upon the poacher and her crew, and that would mean loss of time as well as loss of money. Appleton grudged parting with either to the foreigner.

Steaming stealthily, the Venture got within a mile of the shore, and then her trawl was shot upon the sandy bottom, and began collecting a full harvest. Fish, largely of the better sort, had been driven from the outer grounds, such as the Dogger Bank, to seek refuge in the area which by law afforded them protection from the ceaseless efforts of the catchers on the smack or steamer, and the yawning net scooped them in as the Venture forged ahead on the surface of the sea.

Circumstances favoured Appleton. It was getting late in the autumn, and the nights were long and dark. On this particular night there was no moon, the stars did not give light enough to penetrate the haze which came in from the sea, and in the deep darkness the Venture steamed along unseen by the few people who lived on the desolate stretch of shore along which she was poaching. From the land the skipper feared no evil; he was mostly concerned about the gunboat, and sharp eyes kept watch to the north, the south, and the west for her return. The skipper had described the gunboat truly. She was, as he had said, a sly old tub, commanded by a sly old officer.

The phlegmatic Dutchman had had his strong suspicion roused as to the intention of the smart English screwboat which was loafing off the coast, well outside the territorial waters, doing nothing in particular, and certainly not employing her gear, as he could see by scrutinising her with a telescope. With simple cunning the Dutchman had made it seem as if he were travelling full speed ahead to the north, leaving the Venture and forbidden waters out of calculation. With a smile of happiness upon his fat and placid face he had, from behind a sheltering headland, seen the British thief, as night fell, steer for the fatherland with a heart swelling with wrath at the spoiling of the home waters and with glory of prospective capture. He had covered up his own lights or extinguished them, and as the Venture was shooting her trawl he was clanking down the coast to fall upon his prey. One thing only troubled him. He had not up to the present been able to find out the name and number of the screw-boat, which for many reasons, especially if she should escape him, was a disadvantage.

Warily as the gunboat steamed towards her quarry, Appleton had notice of her coming. The Venture had stopped, so that the trawl might be got up, and the great net, filled almost to bursting with the catch, was already hanging in the air over the steamer's deck. The skipper himself was about to open the cod-end, and so allow the fish to fall into the dock on deck; he was on the point of releasing the catch, when he stayed his hand and listened hard. The night was very still, the Venture for the moment was motionless, drifting slowly with the ebb, and Appleton believed he heard a noise, suspicious and subdued.

"What's that?" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"It's a funny noise," replied the mate, slowly. "Let's listen."

"Listen be 'anged," snapped the skipper. "There's no time to spare for listenin'."

"It isn't a steamboat," said the mate. "But wot's the matter?"

The skipper had cried angrily "Out with it!" and seized a small dark lantern by which they had been working, and extinguished the light by the simple method of dropping the lamp overboard.

"Clap some canvas over the numbers, Charlie," bawled Appleton. "You, Tom, get to the wheel, an' keep the shore lights dead astern. Give 'er every ounce o' steam you've got, Sandy, an' we'll do 'em yet. The rest o' you stand by me. There's goin' to be dust raised 'ere in less nor two minutes."

The mate dashed clumsily up the little iron ladder to the bridge, striking his shins against the rungs and hurting himself sorely; but he made no sound of pain, and in the black darkness groped for the wheel and gripped the spokes. By the time the engineer had opened the valves and the screw was revolving the mate had got the Venture's head round, and she was steaming out into the open water. Charlie, the second hand, had seized pieces of canvas and put them over the name and number on each bow. It was unnecessary to hide the letters and figures on the smoke-stack of the boat, as these did not show. The rest of the crew, down to and including the boy, were standing by the skipper, who was peering into the gloom over the port bulwarks.

"Ah! I thought I eard 'em. Now I see 'em!" he exclaimed. As he spoke a boathook was thrown up and caught the rail between his hands. Loud excited voices rose on the quiet air, and in good English the skipper was commanded to stop.

Without replying, he seized the head of the boathook, and, putting forth all his strength, tore it from the rail and cast it away. But the boat's crew by this time were standing up, some on the thwarts, and a dozen pairs of hands were clutching the rail.

At the same moment a bright lamp was turned on the steamer and flashed along her hull. By the light of it the boat's crew had expected to learn the name of the craft, but the canvas covered it completely, and they failed.

"Stop your engines, or I'll fire on you!" roared the voice of an exasperated man, evidently the officer commanding the boat.

By way of answer the skipper roared, "Bash their 'ands! Give 'em belayin'-pin soup! If a mother's son of 'em climbs up, throw 'im overboard."

He seized a fish trunk as he spoke, and crashed it upon the horny hands which were fiercely clinging to the rail. His crew did the same with any weapon that came handy. Joe, the boy, who had rushed into the fray from the cabin, where he had been rolling pastry for some wondrous cakes called "busters," hammered in the darkness with a dough-covered rolling-pin, dancing with excitement as he did so, and uttering shrill screams. The warlike spirit of his race had been aroused, and he dealt terrific blows wherever he thought that human hands were clinging.

The mate at the wheel, hearing the shouts of conflict, roared encouragement to his comrades, at the same time keeping the shore lights dead astern, and guiding the Venture, with a master hand, out of the territorial waters in which she was being laid by the heels as a poacher. Sandy, the engineer, knowing that he had done all he could with his machinery, clambered up on deck with a paifful of engine ashes, staggered to the side with it, made a space between the skipper and the fourth hand, and hurled the refuse upon the boat's crew. The dust and cinders blinded them, the lamp fell into the bottom of the boat and was extinguished, and the last man who had been gripping the rail, in spite of bleeding hands, dropped off, blinded and choking.

"Brayvo!" roared the skipper.

"Come on, some more on you!" screamed the boy, beating a frenzied tattoo on the rail with his rolling-pin.

"Gunboat a'-ead!" shouted the mate, from the bridge.

As he spoke he spun the wheel round, and in obedience to her helm the Venture swung away and rushed past the gunboat's stern. It was a mere shave, a toss up between escape and collision; but the Venture was getting away, and in the judgment of her crew a miss was as good as a mile.

"Get yer lights up, yer slinker," bawled the mate from the bridge, oblivious of the fact that the Venture had no lights whatsoever showing.

"Stop, or I will fire!" cried a voice from the gloom.

"That's wot 't'other said," replied the skipper, "an' 'e's picking 'issel up now."

"Eh!" demanded the voice, faintly. It was the fat captain who had spoken. By this time his ship had got well away from

the trawler, and he had not caught Appleton's words. There was, however, no question as to the tones. They contained contempt, and plenty of it, and with a furious heart he ordered the vessel to be put in the wake of the departing thief. At the same moment his battered and defeated boat's crew hailed him, and, stamping with fury at the delay, he stopped to take them on board, revenging himself by expressing his unfavourable opinion of them all in a loud voice.

By the time the gunboat was ready for the chase the Venture was rushing full speed ahead, on her true course for Grimsby now, for the binnacle lamps had been lighted, so that the compass could be seen, but so that the reflection should not show. Sandy and the second engineer were below, using all their skill to keep the engines running smoothly; the skipper had taken the wheel, so that the mate could direct the sorting and packing of the fish, and Joe was below, tingling with excitement, and boiling tea for the sumptuous refreshment, with hot "busters," of the crew at the close of this adventurous incident.

Meanwhile the gunboat had started in pursuit. The placid contentment of the captain's face had been succeeded by a look of anger and disgust. His old craft was thundering on blindly in the dark after a vessel that he could not see, whose name he did not know, and whose speed, if she was one of the newest style of steamers used in fishing, was probably equal to that of his own.

It was an exasperating fiasco, an affair which promised to cover him with ridicule, and nothing more. He had stolen from behind the headland stalking his quarry, expecting to seize him in the very act of theft in forbidden waters. The better to carry out his design he had on locating the Englishman sent a boat away, believing that arrest was certain. And yet these North Sea villains, these fishers from a far-off shore, were already thrashing through the gloom with, as he believed, a glut of first-rate fish. Why, the trawl must have been on board when the boat got alongside, he thought, and the fish in readiness for packing. Bitterest of all humiliations was the defeat of man-of-war's men by a crew of mere smack's men.

The captain stamped with rage as he thought of it all, and his fury was only partly appeased by growls at the weather, the gunboat, and the gunboat's people.

For several hours the chaser and the chased tore on their courses. As luck would have it, the gunboat was true in the wake of the Venture, the Dutchman having persuaded himself that the poacher would head for Grimsby Market. At the first sign of day the Venture's crew, refreshed and hardened by their repast, searched the sea for their pursuer, and the gunboat's people, not less keen, scoured the waters for the runaway. They saw each other, but while the gunboat could be only suspicious, the Venture was pretty certain. The trawler might be only a peaceful fishing craft returning from her home port with her catch, reasoned the Dutchman, but Appleton was sure that the vessel which was now hull down on the horizon was in chase of him.

"Pooh!" he said, "we can give 'em a knot an 'our. We shall be out o' sight soon."

"But even if she overtook us she could prove nothing," answered the mate. "She don't know the number or name of us, an' none o' us show any marks o' maulin'."

"No," said the skipper, with a broad grin; "they've got all the marks. Wot wi' belayin'-pins, an' rollin'-pins, an' trunks, an' other odds an' ends, they've come off badly."

"It's a good thing they didn't manage to set their feet aboard," said the mate.

"It is," agreed the skipper, "because we should ha' ad to throw 'em away. Now I shouldn't ha' liked that, because I'm averse to breakin' law relatin' to life an' limb. A bit o' fair 'ittin's all right. Besides, they were trespassin'."

"True," rejoined the mate, "that's the word for it. Wot right ad they to set 'ands on our property? If they try to nab us, it seems to me it's unman to give 'em beans."

"I'm sure if they 'adn't come interferin' wi' us, we should ha' let them alone," said the skipper, anxious to persuade himself that they had acted righteously, and grateful for the moral support he was receiving.

"Fish," said the mate, judicially, "is needful for the human race. It's needful for the poor smack's men, an' we've got to get it. It's no excuse for fish to swim into a three-mile limit; an' as for England, don't she want fish more nor a Dutchman? There's more Englishmen to keep an' feed."

"I 'old wi' most laws," said the skipper, "but not wi' this law prohibitin' trawlin' inshore."

"They let skulkin' foreigners sneak in an' fish off Scotland, w're we can't fish," said the mate. "Why shouldn't we go an' fish in the foreign bays?"

"Ah!" said the skipper, "that Scotch business doesn't bide thinkin' of. It riles me so I can 'ardly talk. By George! bat we did scoop 'em in, didn't we?"

He laughed aloud with pleasure as he thought of the catch stored away in ice below, and the money it would fetch on Grimsby Market. "We must get the slate again," he said, and having handed over the wheel to the second hand he

descended to the cabin, and over a pair of large delicious soles, with bread and butter and coffee, the mate breakfasting off the same fare, he calculated the profits of the night's haul. They were very satisfactory, especially when Joe had been summoned to check the simple sums, which he did with something of condescension.

"Now get out an' see to the other breakfasts," said the skipper, shortly, and the arithmetician withdrew.

A few minutes later he entered the cabin with a marked lack of ceremony, and announced that so far as could be ascertained the gunboat had abandoned the pursuit and was returning home.

The skipper and the mate rushed on deck, just in time to see the last of the pursuer. The captain had indeed, despairingly, regardful of his bunkers, and distrustful of his engines, given orders for the chase to be abandoned.

"One minute below," said the skipper, and taking the mate by the arm he returned to the cabin, where they held a brief consultation.

"Now as a level-headed man, don't you think that's the best plan?" asked the skipper.

"I do," agreed the mate. "It certainly is better not to say anything about it to anybody. I'll bet the Dutchies don't."

"No," added the skipper, emphatically. "The quieter we are the better."

"An' the likelier to be successful if we come again," said the mate.

"As we surely shall," remarked the skipper.

An hour later the crew had been, in various interests, chiefly their own, sworn to secrecy.

"As for you, Joe," said the skipper, taking the juvenile aside, "you must be a man, an' not let on even to yer own mother. If you do—"

"Not me," interrupted Joe, resentfully and scornfully. "I wouldn't be tortured into splittin'."

"I'm sure of it," said the skipper, heartily. "Now there'll be a sovereign for you w'en we get to Grimsby. I think that's very 'andsome, considerin' wot you've done."

"I'd do a lot more at the same price," said the boy, precipitately.

"Ah! You mustn't talk like that. I'm afraid you're a bloodthirsty little fellow."

The skipper tried to look very severe; but over the boy's shoulder he gave a laboured wink of admiration, and the mate winked back, and laughed approvingly. WALTER WOOD.

ON A NEW ZEALAND FARM.

AMONG the new homes for the old country which its sons have made habitable, the most English of all is New Zealand. It is not merely in climate and to some extent in scenery that the likeness lies. There must be something in the environment of physical life there which keeps the English race much as it would be at home if town life would stop swallowing up the country. Isolation in the sea has something to do with it. There is no big America just across an imaginary line to alter and screw up the general pace of life, as in Canada. There are not the torrid suns and go-ahead cities which seem to have taken all repose and shade from life in Australia. And though there is a very strong socialistic or democratic feeling in politics there just now, and laws for land-splitting and labour subsidising have been too common to let men's heads lie altogether easy, the



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WHEAT THRESHING.

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modern New Zealander is more like his cousin in England or Scotland than anyone else not born or bred this side of the water.

New Zealand went through a bad time some years ago. Everyone who reads what the men of the England of the Antipodes are doing in the fight for the Empire in the Free State will rejoice to hear that prosperity has once more returned. Hides, wool, and mutton are all more remunerative; butter, cheese, tallow, and fruit are now beginning to pay for export. The climate is suited for every English plant, besides producing a very beautiful and useful set of trees, grasses, and plants of its own. New Zealand native flax, Kauri pine, and other timber are as valuable "natural commodities" as could be wanted in any new country.

In spite of the gold discoveries, we believe that New Zealand will always remain mainly an agricultural country. Its climate is so perfect for animal life, so even, so temperate, and so free from all the plagues and calamities which the absence of these equable conditions causes, such as droughts, fires, murrains, and frosts, that it is the ideal land



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HARVEST UNDER THE HILL.

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of the stockbreeder. The "virtue" of the grasses is such that even the stags have a double share of horn growth, as was lately shown in these pages by Mr. Baillie Grohman. There is only one drawback—it is too far off home. Meantime, the scenes here shown are some evidence of the prosperity, interest, and charm of life on a New Zealand farm. It is, in the first place, a very much more concentrated and settled life than that on the huge straggling "runs" of Australia or the plains of the great West, because the land is richer and the

superb. We give a picture of one of the happy New Zealand flocks in the land they love, among the antipodean equivalents to thyme, down grass, and mountain herbs, on the hills above Lake Wahatipu. Could they be happier in Arcady?

DIPPING THE SHEEP is a very important business, carried out on a large scale. It is obligatory by law, for unless the flocks are kept in health the colony might suffer a great calamity. Nowhere does the law that what is the good of one is the good of all and its converse hold more strictly than in a big pastoral country. One tainted flock might affect a million sheep. Cattle in New Zealand are a great and growing factor in the colony's wealth. The Government has done everything in its power to develop the dairy industry. There are numbers of creameries. Cheese factories are also increasing, and strict attention is paid to the production of the very best qualities of all milk products. Naturally the kind and quality of the cattle used have given the colonists much anxiety.

The present cattle population are mainly Shorthorns and Ayrshires, but an occasional Jersey is to be seen. One large land company owns a number of red-polled Angus cattle, at Totara, near Oamaru. Men do most of the milking. On stations where cows are kept for private use they are allowed to run with their calves during the day; at night they are separated, and the cows milked in the morning. In the outlying districts the cattle become very wild; as



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CATTLE AT LARGE.

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food more nourishing. It can carry far more head to the acre, and grow far more bushels of wheat. The record of crops grown on the wheat lands is said to beat that of England; but until some patriotic New Zealander sends us the figures we will not quote those given us; in any case, it is in parts fine corn land. The WHEAT THRESHING shows big stacks and plenty of sacks of grain from them. But sheep and, lately, cattle and dairying are the mainstay of the present, as of the future, of New Zealand. The farms are large. That shown here was seven miles long and five broad; others are much larger. From 30,000 to 40,000 sheep was a common number on a run, though the new Acts may force sub-division. The land is mountainous and well watered, two conditions which, with a good quality of grass, are just the most favourable possible for those eminently mountain animals—the domestic sheep. Neither do they suffer much, as most mountain sheep do, from winter snows and spring cold, because the climate is even. In winter the horses and cattle live out of doors; there are no byres and stables for them. When the horses come home from their work they are fed and watered and then turned out into the fields.

The MOUNTED SHEPHERDS, each with his dogs, are a feature of the New Zealand farm. The shepherd is here quite a lordly person, well mounted and paid, the group being often led by the owner or one of his sons. The shepherds provide their own horses, and sometimes each has five dogs with him. When setting out in the morning they look like a party of hunters. Most of the sheep are of the ordinary English breeds—Leicesters, Downs, Romney Marsh, Lincoln, and crosses of these. On the very rough and high land Merinos are kept for wool only, as they do not fatten and are no good as mutton. They have become in places almost wild, and unless the dogs were used it would be most difficult to catch them for shearing. The clipping machine is not in favour in the colony. Most flocks are sheared by hand. The best Merinos yield up to 20lb. of wool in a year when fed on natural grasses only. But the herbage—not only grass, but many aromatic and nutritive plants not known in this country—is

they never see anyone except men on horseback they take fright at persons on foot; apparently they do not realise what the two-legged being is. Bullock teams are largely used for drawing out timber from the bush after it is cut down.

When New Zealand was first properly colonised there was a theory that it would become a great wheat-growing country, able to supply Australia, where droughts and uncertainty of climate make corn a speculative and risky crop. Up till the present time this hope has been only partly realised. But the corn land is quite first-rate. Scarcity of labour makes it necessary to use



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MOUNTED SHEPHERDS.

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machinery as far as possible, though steam ploughing is not greatly employed. Reaping is all done by machinery, and the wheat is stacked in the field in which it is grown. Two stacks are built side by side, with room for the threshing machine between them, so that it can be fed from either side.

Though New Zealand may be said at present to be only sharing in the general prosperity of the world, it has a possible future which recent events have done much to hasten. The development of the Far East by Europeans is at hand. With

Americans in the Philippines and English in China, a demand for mutton, cheese, and butter will arise far nearer to New Zealand than the English markets. All these things are difficult to procure in the Far East, especially in Japan, whither quite recently nearly all the mutton was brought from China for European residents. It is quite likely also that the Japanese themselves may become eaters of meat rather than of rice, fish, and vegetables, and give to New Zealand a nation of forty millions for customers.

IN THE GARDEN.

WHITE ROSES FOR MASSING.

EVEN if wanted for no other purpose, beds of white Roses are useful to tone down the somewhat garish reds and pinks that are so frequently used in gardens. A bed of pure white Roses in the neighbourhood of a stately Pine, a sombre Yew, or a symmetrical Juniper, surrounded by the beautiful grass of which our English gardens have become the envy of the world, presents a picture of much beauty. There is a wealth of white flowering kinds at our disposal, but one must not be led into making an unsuitable selection for the position in which they are required. What are generally known as summer Roses provide many of the best white varieties for massing, but their first display is also their last one for the one season. It would not be wise to place these in a very conspicuous position in the garden, but rather use them in the borders or anywhere not immediately near the principal lawns or windows. If space permitted, a large group of that beautiful variety *Mme. Plantier* would give an excellent effect, especially if pillars and standards of the same kind were judiciously intermingled. Standards just now of this snowy beauty are almost breaking down with the weight of blossom, and large specimens appear like huge snowballs and have a cool look upon a hot June day. Among the Moss Roses there is the free-flowering *Contesse de Murinais*, and from the Damasks (*R. damascena*) one has choice of *Mme. Hardy* and *Mme. Zoetmans*, the former being certainly the best. The white York Rose (white Provence or Unique) is an excellent bedding kind. This would look very pretty edged with the white *De Meaux*. Amongst the autumn-flowering Roses we have some twenty kinds, all more or less good. Perhaps for making a towering mass of snowy blossoms none equal *Blanche double de Courbet* and *Mme. G. Bruant*, the two most beautiful of the Japanese Roses (*Rosa rugosa*). When planting give the bushes about 2ft. of space.

ROSE CELESTIAL.

"P." sends us the following interesting note about this Rose: "If this variety were introduced at the present day as a novelty, it would create a small sensation. I know of no Rose, not even among the tea-scented, that has such a delightful and delicate shell-pink shade of colour, in this and in its form, but in bud and open flower it differs so often seen in villages. Its most charming feature is perhaps the elongated little buds, three or more making a beautiful button-hole. The foliage is glaucous, quite smooth, and the wood of the young shoots also glaucous, with just a few prickles and a purplish tinge of colour, differing again from the Maiden's Blush in all these points. I cannot recommend this lovely old Rose too highly to those about to plant garden varieties. The bushes, if left unpruned, supported by a centre stake and liberally fed, would quickly make noble specimens. They might even be used as hedges, instead of so much Privet, for the glaucous foliage alone is beautiful, and one would have also fragrant Roses instead of the objectionable scent of the Privet when it is allowed to blossom."

A BEAUTIFUL BLUE FLOWER—ANCHUSA ITALICA.

A good flower gardener writes: "There is something in the fine blue of the flowers of this well-known plant that always attracts those in search of showy blue perennials. It is rather coarse, and this prevents its use in not a few of the better positions in the garden. There are, however, positions that suit it well, and in these it will grow, flower, and attract swarms of bees, for it is an excellent bee plant. The mixed and shrubby border, or if possible in the large cracks and openings in some rough bit of wall—these are a few of the places that suit it. Those who can get it to start in the latter will find a bit of colour they little thought of obtaining in this most interesting phase of the garden. Naturally the plant will be dwarf in habit, unless indeed the facilities for deep rooting are much above the average; but even a dwarfed plant of this would make a showy wall subject. A capital position in the wall is such as may be found in the angle of a right-angle erection, for here a stone may be removed and a special contrivance made for it. In just the same way the plant



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DIPPING THE SHEEP.

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AFTER THE BATH.

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may be inserted in rocky crevices or niches, and when established, few will create more attention than this old Boragewort. Many readers will only need this reminder to recall the wonderful display of the Common Borage on many a stony hillside and to stimulate them to do more to establish *Anchusa italica*. Seeds or root cuttings or strong seedlings should all be tried, according to position and space."

AUTUMN-SOWN SWEET PEAS.

We are becoming more and more convinced that autumn is the time to sow the seed of Sweet Peas, and the writer recently noticed in a contemporary that the system of sowing seed at that season was amply justified by the results. The correspondent wrote: "Our autumn-sown seed Sweet Peas form a hedge round a small grass plot; they are nearly 5ft. high, and we gathered flowers the first week in June. This place is 500ft. above sea-level, and the aspect of the garden south and south-west. Last winter was very severe up here (Bath), but we had no occasion to protect the Peas. The flower stalks are very long, and have three or four flowers in many instances. They are of beautiful colours, and the leaves and stems unusually large and vigorous." When in the nurseries of Messrs. Kelway and Sons, at Langport, Somersetshire, in the middle of June we saw several acres of Sweet Peas in full flower, and they had been so for many days. This gathering of the finer kinds was very pleasant to see, and the atmosphere was drenched with the perfume. Long before one approached the place it was evident that Sweet Peas were in the vicinity, from their sweet odour.

THE SINGLE ROSE UNA.

We were in Messrs. Paul and Son's nursery at Cheshunt a few days ago, and saw there the Rose Una, which was raised here, and is one of the most beautiful flowers in existence. It is very interesting to know that this is the outcome

of crossing the Dog Rose (*Rosa canina*) and a Tea variety. One row of plants was a mass of flowers, as fair a picture as we have seen for many days, each flower being not far short of 4 in. across, and quite white, save for the yellow centre. It is a climber, vigorous, and free in growth as in bloom, and we shall not be surprised if it becomes one of the most popular Roses of the future, as popular as Paul's Single White.

THE ORIENTAL OR EASTERN POPPIES.

At the present time no flower is more gorgeous in the garden than the great Eastern Poppy (*Papaver orientale*) and its varieties. Its great orange scarlet flowers when in groups possess much fascination; they are glorious in colour and form, making flaring masses wherever placed in the subdued light of the woodland or in the border near to some leafy plant for contrast's sake. Of course, *Papaver orientale* is familiar to everyone who cares for flower gardening, but it is only when in the rougher parts of the garden, or the fringe of the woodland, or in similar positions that one obtains the full benefit of its beautiful colour, against which the salmon shades are indeed poor and unsatisfactory. *Bracteatum* is one of the finest varieties, its flowers warm crimson, with a big black patch at the base of each segment. The writer can never get interested in the salmon and blush Poppies of the Eastern type. They are positively an eyesore when in the exhibition tent; but, of course, that is no reason why the same colours should not appeal to one strongly in the garden. But even placed under the happiest conditions they are unsatisfactory and poor.

ROYAL HONOURS FOR A WELL-KNOWN CORK SEEDSMAN.

It is with much pleasure we announce that Mr. William Baylor Hartland of Cork has been sent the Royal Warrant from Buckingham Palace appointing him Purveyor of Seeds, etc., in Ireland to Her Majesty the Queen. The firm of Hartland is one of the oldest in Ireland, dating back to 1774.

LILIUM HANSONI.

This Japanese member of the Martagon group is in most districts at least a thoroughly reliable Lily, and one that differs from several of its nearest relatives in flowering well the first season after planting. While the individual blooms are in size and general appearance a good deal in the way of the common Martagon, they differ markedly in the texture of the petals, which are unusually thick and wax-like, while their colour is yellow, dotted more or less with purplish brown. They are also without the unpleasant smell possessed by several of the Martagon section. This Lily, which is quite a success at Kew, prefers a good open loam, and above all things it is most essential to plant it where a certain amount of protection is afforded, as it naturally starts into growth very early in the season, and the young leaves are therefore liable to be injured by late frosts and cutting winds. From this circumstance it is seen at its best when planted between evergreen shrubs that are sufficiently apart to allow of the free growth of the Lily. The bulbs of *L. Hansoni* are firm and travel well, hence they generally reach this country in good condition from Japan during the winter months.

PELARGONIUM ACHIEVEMENT.

This Pelargonium, which received an award of merit from the Royal Horticultural Society a couple of years ago, was shown in good condition at the Temple Show by Mr. H. B. May of Edmonton, and judging by specimens met with at other places it is, we should say, destined to become popular. It was raised by Mr. H. J. Jones of Lewisham, by the intercrossing of that favourite Ivy-leaved variety, *Souvenir de Charles Turner*, with one of the Zonal section. The foliage and habit of growth are about midway between the two, while the flowers, which are borne in huge trusses, are of a bright carmine pink. The individual blooms, too, are large, with the edges of the petals prettily recurved, so that when partially opened they are delightful. Though the name of Achievement is appropriate enough, it is unfortunate in having been more than once applied to other members of the Pelargonium family, for at least two show varieties and one of the tricolor section have previously borne the same name.

HYMENOCALLIS CALATHINA.

Under the name of *Ismene calathina* this is fairly well known as a cool house bulb with highly fragrant blossoms. It is of a most accommodating nature, and is flowering freely in an ordinary greenhouse, filling the structure with its perfume, which is very suggestive of its near allies, the *Pancratiums* and *Eucharis*. After the flowering season is over the pots of bulbs are simply stood out of doors in a sunny spot, and taken inside before the heavy autumn rains set in. They are by this time dormant, and are kept quite dry till the spring, when after a watering or two they start rapidly into growth, and soon push up their flower spikes. The flowers, which are funnel shaped, and about 4 in. long, have a cup-shaped fringed corona. The colour is white, tinged with green. This *Hymenocallis* is a native of the Andean region of South America, and was introduced into this country over a century ago. It is easy to understand the

introduction of this even in the days of slow sailing ships, as the bulbs are a most indifferent to rough treatment, and may be kept out of the ground for a lengthened period, yet as soon as potted and placed under conditions favourable to growth they start away at once.

The Choice of a Profession.

[We have received a letter, with the accompanying photographs, from a lower school boy to his people at home. It may be allowed to speak for itself.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You have always told me it was such a pity I did not seem to have a calling for any profession in particular. Well, you will be glad to hear that I have made up my mind at length. I want to be a caravan-keeper, and to have bears to show, and, perhaps, monkeys. I am not so sure about the monkeys. I have been seeing



C. Reid.

ALL SMOKING.

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a good deal of some caravan people who have come down to our school. We are not allowed to go to it really, but I have been twice, and Granville Major, who is an extraordinarily daring fellow, and has a moustache almost as big as one of the masters that came last term, has been five times. The people that the caravan belongs to say they are Italians, but Granville Major does not believe that, but says they are Croatians, which is a place somewhere down by the Danube, where bears come from. I don't know why it is especially good to be an Italian if you have to do with bears and monkeys, but it seems to be so. It must be awfully ripping being in a caravan; you haven't

any early school to do, and very little later, and your profession is leading about bears and monkeys, and passing the hat round for people to put pennies in, which some of them do. I think it is just the sort of profession that would suit me. You know you always said how glad you were to see how fond I was of animals, and hoped it would always remain so; so if you approved of my being in a caravan with bears and monkeys I should always be able to be fond of animals. I got some photographs of them, fairly decent, that I am sending you with this. You will see the eldest monkey sitting up on top of a post, and if you throw nuts and things to him he catches them splendidly. Granville Major says he would make a ripping "point," and there's a picture of THE BEARS; one, you see, has to wear a muzzle because it bites rather, but it hasn't ever bitten me. The other is quite tame, and you can do almost anything



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THE BEARS.

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with it, though Granville Major says that if it liked it could just take you in its arms and hug you, and you would hear every bone in your body crack, and when it put you down again you would be dead, which is a terrible thing to think of, although quite true. Then there's another photograph of the bears. And there's a photograph of THE WHOLE CARAVAN, and one of the old man that has the monkey and the two women, ALL SMOKING. They all smoke, the men and women alike, including the eldest monkey and some of the children. The children are awfully cheeky—quite kids some of them, too. Granville Major says it's a life that develops the intelligence wonderfully, and I heard one of the masters say it was a liberal education to see these people, so what must it be to be one of them? I am sure if you think it over well you will see what a good thing it is that I have marked out a career for myself and will understand. One of the bears can DANCE—the biting one with the muzzle—which shows it cannot be so very savage. It is wonderful how they teach them. Granville Major says it is all done by kindness. Of course it costs a fearful lot of money at first to go into the caravan business, but you said when Tom went into the Army that it cost between £100 and £200 for his outfit, and Granville Major says that £150, which is halfway between £100 and £200, would go a long way towards a caravan and bears. I might do with one bear at first. The monkeys are nothing, you can get them out of the *Exchange and Mart*, and my stamp collection is getting jolly valuable now. Of course I would throw that in. I should want a tambourine, too; you must have that to beat, in order to tell the people when the show is going to begin, and it does to collect the pennies in, too, if the hat has gone round the other way. I have learned to play the tambourine already, so you see I have made something of a start, and I have thought it all out very carefully and quite made up my mind. You know you always said you never would thwart me if you saw my mind really made up upon a thing, such as a profession, and I am quite made up upon this one now. You ought to be very glad. I don't know whether there is anything else I ought to mention. If I can think of it I will write again. This is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life, but, as you have always told me, the choice of a profession is a very important thing, which is quite true. I have got a bit of one of the bear's



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THE WHOLE CARAVAN.

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P.P.S.—I forgot to say I shall want a horse with the caravan.

A MIDSUMMER EVE'S DREAM.

WE cannot all have our deer forests, and stalk the antlered monarch of the glen in his mountain home, but there are few who cannot indulge at times in rabbit "stalking," and spend a few pleasant hours of a still, balmy summer's eve in circumventing the wily Bunny as he pops along the close-cropped herbage skirting the wood, or dodges in and out amongst the bracken or by the cornfields. A steady hand it takes, too, to roll over Mr. Bunny neatly with the rifle, for we will not insult you by asking you to mangle him with a shot-gun. There is a fascination about a quiet shot at a rabbit which none but those who have engaged in the sport can appreciate. Let us wander back to other days—to the dear old home nestling among the giant beeches, as the sun drops slowly behind the fir-crowned western hills. We steal down across the lawn, rifle in hand, for the Badger Hill—a rough mound which is traditionally supposed to have been the fastness of the "brock," but the oldest inhabitant has never even heard of one having been seen here. The Hill has long been sacred to *Lepus Cuniculus*, and it is the favourite spot of all others to get a pretty shot. The sharp "thud! thud!" which a wary old buck or doe makes with his or her hind legs acts as a warning, and not a "scut" is to be seen as we peep over the fence, so we take up a position amongst the brambles and brushwood which fringe the bank, and abide our time.

We drift away into dreamland as we sit there. The air, fragrant with honeysuckle and new-mown hay, vibrates with the weird but withal pleasing sounds which a summer's evening in the country can alone supply. The soft dreamy "coo! coo!" of the wood-pigeon as he serenades his patient mate sitting on the two white eggs in yon ivied thorn, the ventriloquial "crake! crake!" of the landrail, the "boooom!" of the big bumble as he wings his way overhead, and many other familiar strains, unite in forming a delicious midsummer eve's dream, which carries us away from the humdrum jogtrot of this work-a-day world of ours to Nature and Nature's God.

But what is that "something" between grey and brown which sits motionless there by that moss-grown rock—a rabbit? With breathless caution the little rifle is levelled at the three-quarters-grown head, and the reverberations of the sharp crack have not died away before poor Bunny is in his last throes, with a bullet through his brain.

A move to another pet venue in the old Deer Park, when a second unsuspecting "grazier" meets his fate. The shades of evening are falling fast now, and the sharpest eye cannot distinguish between a rabbit and a bunch of fern, so we gather up the slain and stroll home, well pleased with our sport.

"Confoundedly slow!" we think we can hear some batte man say, as he throws this by with disgust. Perhaps so. But circumstances alter cases, and while one man may be able to enter into the most luxurious forms of fox-hunting, shooting, etc., another may not be able to rise above a rat-hunt. Yet it is quite possible that the latter, though far less privileged, has just as much of the true sporting instinct about him as the former. The great thing is to get away from what someone has called "the blight of civilisation." Let a man get to the woods and fields—to the brook or lake—only let him feel for a time that he is one with the wild and free, liberated for a brief period from the strife and wrangles, the hollowness and jealousies of this world, and you make him as forgetful of life's cares and crosses as poor Bunny is unconscious of the leaden pea prepared to knock him over, through the skill and cunning of his arch enemy—man.

HEATH.



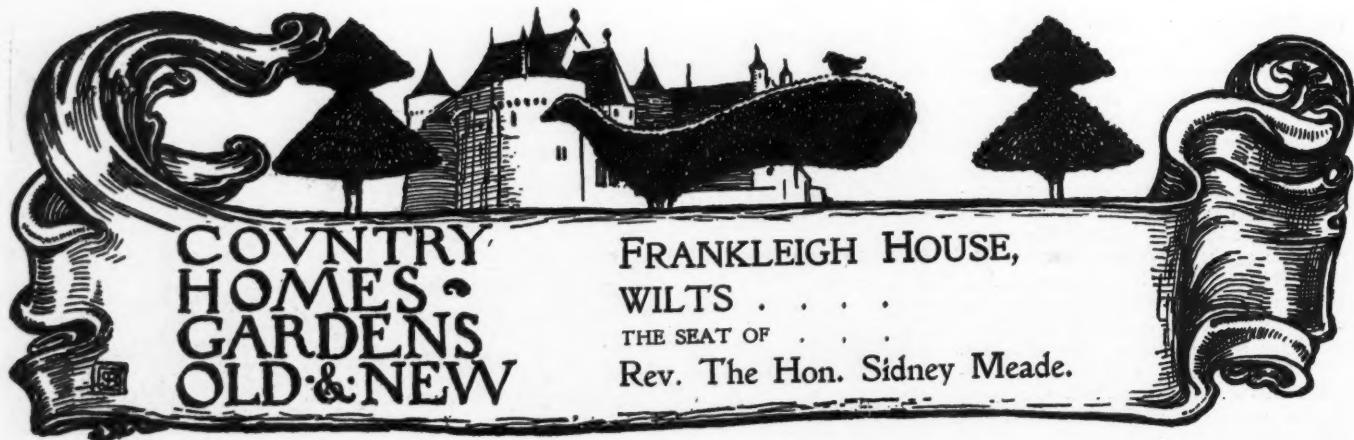
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DANCE.

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hair if you would like to see it.—With best love, your affectionate son, ALGERNON.

P.S.—I do not know whether you know the address of the place to get caravans, but I will find it out from the Croatians, if they are Croatians, or the Italians. Bears you can get anywhere, such as Jamrach's. Perhaps you could get a second-hand one, which would be cheaper. I mean a caravan.



IN the pleasant county of Wilts there are many fine houses, and not a few notable gardens. It is a region of England which possesses much natural beauty, and in which the taste of many builders and many gardeners has found expression. These pages have already described and illustrated not a few seats on the borders of Wiltshire and Somersetshire, that district of hill and hollow, of wood and cornfield, of the thatched cottage and the rustic hedgerow. An interesting part of England it is also for historical associations, and for much architectural picturesqueness.

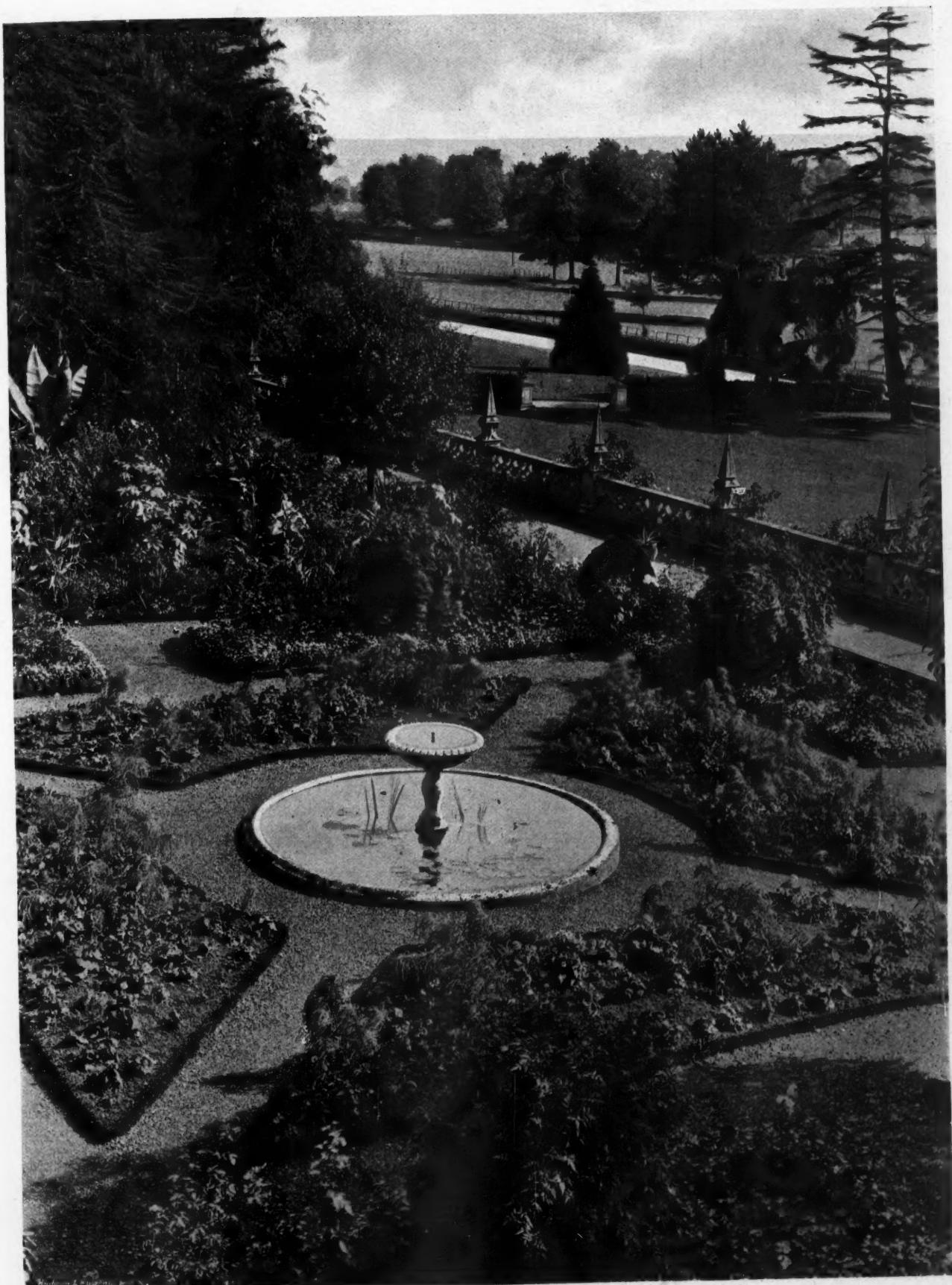
Frankleigh House, which we illustrate, lies in that pleasant borderland, standing actually in Wiltshire, and but a mile or two from the quaint old town of Bradford-on-Avon. Let us recall the fact, to illustrate what we say about architecture, that the Hall at Bradford was chosen because of its extreme and representative picturesqueness as the original of the British Pavilion in the Avenue des Nations at the Paris Exhibition. Frankleigh House was originally built in the time of James II., but has gone through very many changes, and about the year 1848 the entire south and east fronts were added. It presents a Tudor aspect with its mullioned windows, its lofty gables, and its excellent chimneys, which rightly show themselves as chimneys should, instead of being tucked away behind parapets according to the practice of some classic builders. In the early part of the eighteenth century the ancestors of Lord Methuen possessed the place, and it passed to the hands of the present owner some eighteen years ago.

The house stands high, facing south and east, and is surrounded by very attractive and radiant gardens. The most notable feature is the great terrace with its open work parapet, and its long row of pointed terminals, which add quite a distinction to the place. It may be remarked that the terrace does not form a separation between the garden and the house. Indeed, it encloses the garden, and is itself clustered with a profusion of roses.

From this scented height it is pleasant to look out over the sloping lawn and the park beyond, with its many beautiful trees, among which are the cryptomeria, the copper beech, the cedar of Lebanon, the Abela poplar, and other notable denizens of the woodland, all forming a fine foreground to a lovely view of the Westbury Hills, upon whose slopes, when the day is clear, one may discern a famous white horse cut in the slope of the down, as legend avers, to commemorate a victory of King Alfred over the Danes in 878 or about that time.

A formal garden lies under the east windows of the house which has been described as Italian in design, with a fountain adorned by water-lilies in the centre, and in which the white pigeons love to splash in the sunshine. It may be remarked that the definition of a garden as Italian, Dutch, or French does not necessarily indicate a precise style or character, but rather a general distinction more easily suggested than indicated. In the spring the large beds here are dazzling with red and gold tulips, and with borders of daffodils upon a groundwork of forget-me-not; but it would be tedious to describe the many







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THE EAST DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

blossoms that adorn such a place, and that contrast so delightfully with the early green of lime and beech. Conspicuous in the formal garden in the summer-time are eight standard jessamines (*Jasminus grandiflorum*), which stand at regular intervals, and in this shape are probably peculiar to this Wiltshire garden. In the time of flower their large heads of rich green drooping boughs are white with the sweet-scented and star-like blossoms.

A few paces off, amongst thick clumps of montbretias, can be seen in June giant spikes of *Eremurus robustus*, rearing their stately heads full 8ft. or even 10ft. high; also *Eremurus Himalaicus* and *E. Bungei*, followed in August by *E. Olgae*. We believe this garden to have been one of the first in this

country in which these beautiful Himalayan plants were grown and have flowered. The sub-tropical garden forms a suitable background to their tall white and pink shafts, and to the broad leaves of the musas, and the pink-flowered oleanders, bamboos, and palms, making a cool thicket of green.

Among interesting plants and trees we may notice a fine *Photinia serrulata*, which it is extremely rare to find grown as a standard. *Sophora japonica*, from Japan, with quaint twisted and gnarled branches, and a Judas tree with its poetical "purple blossoms," and many more, are also here. Close by stands a fine manna ash, covered with clusters of snowy blossoms of a peculiar scent in May and June.

In a particularly warm nook against a wall thrives and flowers *Crinum capense*, a somewhat unusual sight in this latitude, while round it the *Amaryllis Belladonna* throws up its sweet rose-coloured lilies in autumn. In spring the broad herbaceous borders contain every variety of tulip, while in summer their place is filled by tall delphiniums, hollyhocks, phloxes, and other hardy plants. Tree and herbaceous peonies thrive and flower abundantly, while the rose is everywhere beautiful and fragrant in its many varieties.

The shrubbery path is in spring the centre of a confused crowd of every kind of daffodil, narcissus, and anemone, especially the blue wood windflower (*A. nemorosa*), the yellow fritillary, as well as the white and spotted, besides tulips and hyacinths, which have all been preceded by their brethren. Golden aconites and snowdrops grow in dense carpets, and in summer the orange day-lilies (*Hemerocallis fulva* and



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THE OLD SUMMER-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

H. flava) shoot up their short-lived blooms.

This is in truth an interesting garden of flowers, of which it would be hopeless to attempt to indicate even a tithe.

DRY-FLY . . . FISHING.—II.

THE practice of the dry-fly is not, as some rather hostile critics suggest, confined to a few clear chalk streams in Hampshire. It obtains in the North as well as in the South of England, and also in the Midlands, and the author of "Fly Fishing," a book referred to in a previous article, gives an account of his thrilling adventures when angling in this way against the wary trout of an Irish stream: "These trout," says the author, "were the shyest I have ever known. They were more difficult to approach, and more easily scared by rod or gut, than any others I ever fished for; but if the fly could be floated to a rising fish without frightening him it was generally taken. On the best day I had there I caught eleven fish. None of these weighed 3lb., but the first two were each over 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. For such shy fish really fine gut had to be used, and there were many disasters in the weeds, but also many splendid struggles fought out in pools which were far too deep for any vegetation. It was the wildest and most exciting and most fascinating dry-fly fishing that I have ever had. My experience of it has only been during late August or early September; but I can imagine that in May and in June it might be the finest dry-fly fishing in the United Kingdom."

What constitutes a good dry-fly water? I consider that no stream can be described rightly as a good dry-fly water unless



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THE CONSERVATORY WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the trout which live in it are in the habit of rising regularly at the Ephemeridae (duns, May-flies, March and Turkey browns) in their *sub-imago* state—that is, when they are sailing down stream and before they get off the water, and, undergoing a further and final transformation, become almost transparent *imagines*, or "perfect insects," as they are sometimes called when they have arrived at the last stage of their short existence. That is undoubtedly one feature which should be ever present in a good dry-fly water. It is, to a large extent, because the Test, Itchen, and Anton of Hampshire can show, on most if not on all days during the season, a hatch of these fragile insects, that they have such a splendid reputation amongst anglers. On some parts of the Test and its tributaries the stock of small fly and also of May-fly may have diminished within recent



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FRANKLEIGH HOUSE: THE TERRACE FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

years, from causes which anglers are constantly discussing, but I believe the deterioration in the case of these streams is commonly exaggerated. In regard to the Test, it will be noticed that the hatch of duns is not by any means spread over the whole day, but rather confined within certain hours. A n abundant hatch of duns which lasts two hours is a good one. In the early part of the angling season one only expects a single hatch of duns, but later on there are very commonly two distinct hatches, separated from one another by several hours, the second one being known as the evening rise. Perhaps sometimes there are three distinct hatches in the day, the first of which occurs before anglers have breakfasted. But of the last-mentioned hatch I fear I can only speak from hearsay. It is a nice idea getting out of one's bed and into one's brogues in the cool of the sweet summer morning and hastening away to the river-side when sleep seals the silent household; one often thinks seriously of carrying it out, but my experiences of this early morning rise are yet to come.

Most people will agree that a good dry-fly water will contain trout of a reasonably large size. They really ought to average at

least $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. apiece, and a good many anglers accustomed to chalk stream fishing will want much heavier trout than these; it will be safer to insist on an average of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

The good dry-fly water must, of course, be suited to the practice of floating the fly. I have seen the lower Lathkill, ordinarily an extremely nice dry-fly water, coming down its narrow valley to the Derbyshire Wye in such volume and strength that no one would think of floating a fly upon its turbulent waters at such a time. Now the Test and Itchen (except in their lowest parts,

which are salmon-bearing) are always well suited to the floating fly. They are not subject to floods, and their current is on the whole just right, not too slow, not too fast. They are beautifully pellucid, too, and this is a very excellent, I might say a well-nigh indispensable, quality in a good dry-fly water. A crystal-like clearness is a characteristic feature of these Hampshire chalk streams. It may increase the difficulty of taking trout, but it is one of the greatest charms in dry-fly fishing. In Hampshire chalk streams have a singular fascination for most anglers who know them. On the bankside, when there is nothing moving, two or three anglers will often join company



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FRANKLEIGH HOUSE: THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

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FRANKLEIGH HOUSE: THE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and talk over their fishing experiences in different parts of the country. They may speak highly of this or that stream in some other county where they have enjoyed good sport, killing more trout perhaps in a day than they expect to get from the Test in a week; and yet I have noticed they often wind up by declaring that there are no waters quite so attractive as those of Hampshire. They may find it hard to say exactly why they set this Test or Itchen above other dry-fly waters in other parts of England. The scenery is not noble here, as it is in romantic Dovedale or in the upper reaches of the Derbyshire Wye, the fish are not heavier than those of several smaller troutful streams in Hertfordshire, and yet "there is nothing quite equal to the Test or Itchen"—such is the conclusion so many arrive at. One particularly agreeable feature of the Test is its absolute freedom in its upper parts from the vileness of pollution. I never cease to rejoice in this absence of impurities which contaminate so many other fine waters, and from which, alas! the beautiful little Anton has not escaped. A clear and cold stream—at Whitchurch the Test is so cold that bathing in it is sometimes thought rash—flowing through most verdant meadows—are there many lovelier and more refreshing things to contemplate in this delicious land of ours? The homage which Richard Jefferies paid to the sunshine I must pay always to the stainless and glittering trout stream. I can sit by it and watch it for hours, and yet never have enough of it. I love it at all seasons and in

all lights, in the brilliant sunshine and on sombre grey days, when the unclouded moon is high in the heavens, and also on very dark nights, when the rejoicing ear rather than the eye conveys to the mind the glory of this living, flowing, and divine thing. To pollute and poison a pure stream is a more heinous crime against Nature than to wantonly and ruthlessly hack down beautiful old trees, to ruin and make scenes of Arcady hideous with jerry buildings and vulgar advertisement hoardings telling of quack medicines and gimcrack furniture.

There are several streams in Hertfordshire where dry-fly fishing is practised largely. Such streams have an early and often a very good May-fly season, and hold trout of a large size. The trout of these Hertfordshire waters are considerably larger than the Test trout, though the stream is neither broader nor deeper. Why Hertfordshire trout grow to such a great size, in spite of the smallness of the waters in which they live, I cannot say. Some attribute their size to the abundance of water shrimp,

but there is a great quantity of water shrimp in the upper Test, too, together with apparently a much larger stock of water flies, on which form of food trout are believed to thrive. They are charming streams, these of "pleasant Hertfordshire," but it does happen often that a single large fly (not fished dry), such as the alder or the governor, will do considerably more execution than a floating dun. I should not call the Hertfordshire streams such out and out dry-fly waters as the



FRANKLEIGH HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE TO THE SOUTH GARDEN.

Hampshire streams. The hatch of small fly in them is now apparently much less certain and regular than it is in the Hampshire or Derbyshire streams, and the flow and volume of the water is gravely interfered with by mills and water companies. In regard to certain of the Hertfordshire streams it is often said, on the whole, I suspect, justly, that they are not of much good to the dry-fly angler after the May-fly has disappeared—that is, after the first, or at the latest the second, week in June. Even when there is a little hatch of some kind of *Ephemera* the large trout do not show any desire to rise at it. They are much in hiding under the weeds on summer days, and only begin to show themselves towards dark. Waters of this character, where trout are large and not numerous, are disappointing to the fly fisherman, whether he uses the dry or the wet fly method. Very heavy bags of large trout are occasionally made during the May-fly season or on a summer evening, but too often the angler may stay by the water from morning till night without finding a single fair rising trout. I have by me as I write a photograph of two brace of trout weighing 13lb., which were taken one day a few years ago during the May-fly season, and the angler who took them says that ordinarily he finds nothing "doing" all day in this stream.

Berkshire, Kent, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire contain good dry-fly waters, and Buckinghamshire has its Wick and its Chess, a very pretty little stream with a fine head of trout, and a good show of fly as a rule. Of the Yorkshire streams I have no experience, but I know most of the Derbyshire streams, and set great store by them. What a lovely river is the Derbyshire

Wye, whether in its wild wood and rocky upper parts or where it threads its sinuous way among the meadows between Bakewell and Rowsley! Here, indeed, is a dry-fly water which may satisfy the epicures of Test and Itchen in all except, perhaps, the size of the trout, which rarely reach so much as 2lb. in weight. Do not believe the loose statements of those who have tried the Wye a few times, and returning home each day without fish, declare that it is almost troutless. The upper and strictly preserved parts have a large head of trout; perhaps, indeed, there are too many trout in some stretches. The Rutland length between Bakewell and Rowsley, where the Wye joins the peat-brown rushing Derwent, has, it is true, a much smaller head of trout, but for my part, I am always ready to confess if I have had no sport on days when there has been a fair show of dun that the fault has lain with myself alone. The best performer with a trout rod, so far as dry-fly fishing is concerned, I have ever met or fished with has many a time got his three brace or more of trout by dint of patient and intelligent work at the very time when others have been declaring that the trout have all disappeared from these very stretches of the river. His name shall not be written here, because he is a modest angler, and, moreover, I could not very well give his name without that of his brother too, who is not far behind, if behind at all. The man who has graduated in the Derbyshire Wye school, and can do well there, should by no means be in difficulties when pitted against Test trout. The Wye is not so clear as the Hampshire stream, but its trout are what you may call highly-educated creatures.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

PISCATOR FROM A YACHT.—II.

I HAVE always regarded Bob Burscough, the colonel's nephew, as the most unfortunate angler of my acquaintance. At the tender age of twelve he caught, with a fly, a trout of 4lb. weight in a stream that never normally yielded anything of greater weight than 1½lb. This is really eating your oyster before it is opened, exhausting your world before you have discovered it. During the whole of his fishing career to come he had no further triumphs to look forward to. There was no sign of hope left for him at the bottom of Pandora's casket. He had done the best that he was likely to do in angling, angle he never so wisely all his life long. The case was very much the same with us fishers from the yacht after our tremendous experience with the congers in the mouth of Lamlash Bay. Our 8ft. conger was to us what Mr. Bob's 4lb. trout was to him—the ultimate triumph grasped at once. We could hope for no such terrific experience in all the grey days to come. So we left the island of Arran, and sailed away southward round the Mull of Kintyre till "Arran's hills were blue" in the north-eastern haze, then northward again round the point, and put in for the night at Oban, a gossipy sort of "Piccadilly of the yachtsman," a beautiful little place, but the houses just a little too spick-and-span, clean, and brand-new. On this cruise we did not try it, but in order to avoid repetition and sailing over the same courses again, it may now be said that there are most beautiful spots for the capture of lythe both in the Sound of Islay, that lies between the two great islands of Islay and Jura (mighty fine islands both of them, and almost Arran's equals), and the Sound of Scarba, that lies between Scarba itself and the maze of little islets that one gets among after going through the Crinan Canal. You will generally find that the lythe will take well in a tideway, and especially where there is a rock a fathom or two down from the water's surface. Here they will lie, apparently expressly in wait for one of those indiarubber eels with a spinning silvery head of tin that the fishing-tackle makers sell. You can make the thing yourself very well out of the gullet of a fowl cut into strips for the eel and an excised bit of old sardine-box for the spinning head.



J. Valentine and Son.

THE SOUND OF MULL.

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The tackle we used to like to catch them on were two-jointed rods, rather stiff, with whalebone tops. Your cast must be stout, for even where we are now you get these gentlemen up to 9lb. and 10lb. weight, and they are not very acquiescent in letting themselves be hauled in when you have hooked them. They have a tendency to bore down into weed at the bottom, and there is the force of the tides to help their struggles. There is a place further north—but we shall come to that later. As the novelists say, "we anticipate."

To proceed more orderly, we left Oban, northward bound, up THE SOUND OF MULL, and if you are capable of appreciating them, after passing the nose of Ardnamurchan, which is open to all the winds and rollers of the Atlantic, all the way up the coast on your right hand lie the most lovely sea lochs and smaller islets, but the most beautiful of them and the best, in the fishing way, of these that you come to first is Loch Hourn, on the left of Sleat Sound. On this Ardnamurchan point, by the way, is a fine old castle, well worth a look at. Loch Hourn is floored with lovely silvery sand, on which the whiting lie, and you let down the paternoster, baited with herring



G. W. Wilson and Co. DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SKYE. Copyright

morsels and the like, into the clear water, down and down so far that it is rather a business and a bother hauling them up again from such depths; for when the whiting is there and means business he bites well and often. And how pleasant he is himself to bite when he comes up with his tail in his mouth, a browned whiting, for dinner! It is delightfully exciting of the gastronomic emotion to catch so many of a fish that is such dainty eating. You will make a mighty mistake if you despise the humble lythe, provided you cook him quite fresh, with a lot of pepper. He soon gets flabby if you keep him. Then a little higher up you come to Loch Torridon, where there are tales of mighty fish. It was here that Mr. Fleg was told they caught the lythe of such size that when they had run out all the line the thing to do was to tie the rod to one of the boat's oars and chuck all overboard, rowing after the arrangement till the fish grew tired and you could retrieve first oar, then rod, then line on the reel again, and finally fish. This was the story told Mr. Fleg by "a man in the train"—what higher authority?—of the way they fish in Loch Torridon. Thither we went, expecting mighty things. Thence we came back, after achieving mighty little, though speaking mighty words of all "men in the train," and, so far as courtesy admitted, of Mr. Fleg. "It appears to me, my dear sir," said the latter, by way of explanation of our ill success, "that the gentleman in the train caught all the fish that ever were in Loch Torridon. His account would tend to confirm the inference in that direction supplied by our own fishing." Northward there is Loch Broom, and again the better-known Gairloch, Loch Inver, and the rest, right away up to Loch Laxford, which is getting into the neighbourhood of Cape Wrath. All these are beautiful places, but the most beautiful, to our view, was the Loch of Broom. It was not the fishing that made us think so, for the best of the fishing we had in Loch Hourn; but it is true that scenery, no less than fishing, depends much on

moods of men and little fishes. Beauty is an affair of taste, and taste differs with moods; but in our mood of the moment Loch Broom was the most beautiful to our taste.

An account of this kind one cannot, for a reader's pleasure, so well cut up into cruises as into geographical sections. Thus we have now gone up, at a stretch, with scarcely a considerable tack, all the length of the West Coast—very meagre treatment of a subject so magnificent and large. But it must suffice so, though it took us many a cruise to explore its details. The details repeat themselves, but to the lover of the beautiful and of the angle the repetition never tires. There are the sea lochs, with the heather-clad hills on either side; generally an hotel, more or less tourist-beridden, somewhere; near the hotel, lochs and a burn or two, where are sea trout and brown trout too, much overfished. Occasionally there is a salmon, and on the strength of one salmon caught there will be much said about the salmon-fishing, especially by the man that caught it. And who can know the story better? And so back to Skye again, with perhaps a higher opinion, by comparison, of the fishing possibilities of that grand island, of its fine DUNVEGAN CASTLE, oldest inhabited castle in Scotland, of the magnificent scenery of its Cuchullin Hills, of the QUIRANG WITH ITS NEEDLE ROCK, and of our homely river the Skaebost, than we had when we set sail from it. All things are relative, and, to paraphrase a saying of Thackeray in a notable instance, "No fishing is bad, though some fishing is better than others."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

QUID FEMINA POSSIT. The beginning of the familiar quotation is omitted for two reasons. It would be rude, and it would by no means express my feelings, which are those of unmixed admiration. But still "A Sportswoman in India," by Isabel Savory (Hutchinson), does, undoubtedly, tend to enlarge the views of a mere male upon the question of how much a woman—by her portrait a slight and gentle girl—can do in the way of sport. I confess it has been a revelation to me. Given the due complement of nerve, there is in these days of nitro-compounds, which do not kick to speak of, no reason why a woman should not shoot big game as well as any man, or better. Women, in fact, ought to have better nerves than men, because they do not, as a rule, try themselves so hard. But when it comes to the most exciting and the most dangerous sport of all, that of pig-sticking, my impression is that the most sportsmanlike woman is not quite in her place. This impression is confirmed by the very spirited account given by Miss Savory of a run after pig in which she and M—, another lady, took part. There is a bloodcurdling picture, too, which adds to the excitement of the narrative. But that is enough without the aid of the picture. Here it is:

"Now they were gradually overhauling the pig. C— was close to him, with his spear in readiness; but every time he got within spearing distance the pig would jink, and leave C— some paces to the bad. Now this side, now that side, he jinked. Meanwhile M— was coming up upon the right, her good little mount white with lather, but no one was looking as fresh as when they started; the pig, as he jinked, seemed to be edging over right-handed too. However, she pressed on; rattle, rattle went the hoofs over the hard ground. Suddenly the pig darted round, seemed to get away like lightning from S—, and in another moment was charging for all he was worth at M—. Often and often it happens that the best man, the first man, does not get 'first spear'; so now. Drink to the unexpected! it was going to lie with M— to do or die. In a brief second all the well-known injunctions flash through the mind, of which 'keep hold of your spear till death do you part' is first and all-important; time for reason was there none, it was a field for instinct alone. On came the pig straight for the Arab's shoulder and fore legs—a gallant charge. Keeping



J. Valentine and Son.

QUIRANG WITH ITS NEEDLE ROCK.

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her horse going at best pace, M—— leaned well down, intending to lunge her spear straight into him low down in the body, just behind the shoulder directly he was within reach. Her body swun: forward as she made the effort . . . there followed an instant of deadly sickness . . . Gracious heavens ! she missed him. It was but an instant, home went the pig's charge, and over went the Arab as though he had been a ninepin. M—— was hurtled into the air, a vision of sky followed, and then stars. . . . Sitting loose as she leaned down, she came well away from the horse, and a few seconds after, getting up giddy and sick, the first thing her eyes rested on was the pig charging again at her as hard as he could gallop, with hoarse grunt of resolute defiance. His bristles were all erect, standing up at right angles to his curved spine, his great wedge-shaped head and keen tusks were lowered, his vast muscle working round the great shoulders, all seemed to add a savage resolution to his charge. M——'s spear lay several feet off her, and she did the only thing there was time to do, *threw herself flat on her face and lay still*. In another second the pig was cutting what remained of her habit into ribbons, and she could feel sharp gash after gash in the small of her back as he tore at the body of his prostrate foe. Then C——'s voice rang out, and never was woman more glad.



From a painting by **THE SON OF CAPTAIN AND LADY JANE COMBE.** Edward Hughes.

He speared the boar and drew him off M——, who sat up once more, considerably bruised and battered, but still with plenty of life. The last scene in such a contest would be sad and horrible if they were not so full of danger and excitement."

Yes, and there is perhaps a little too much danger and excitement for a mere man to read with equanimity. The extract which has already been made proves that Miss Savory possesses in no small degree the gift of writing, which is rarer than ladies in general, and lady-journalists in particular, are aware. My next extract shows that she has nerve also. It describes a very trying moment in tiger-shooting from a machan :

"At one and the same moment Captain F—— and myself fired; somehow or other we both missed him. This was rather too much. In one moment, like a flash, the tiger darted round, deliberately galloped at the tree, sprang about half-way up into its lowest branches, and, assisted by the natural oblique inclination of the trunk, swarmed up to the machan as quickly and easily as a cat. It was a terrible moment, one of those which we pray that they may be few and far between; most of us can lay a finger on two or three such moments in our lives. Poor Captain F——, both barrels fired and helpless, had in

desperation sprang to his feet, his hand on the side of the machan. Either the tiger's teeth or his claw tore his finger all down the back of it to the bone, but the whole action took place with such lightning speed that it was hard to say which. In my mind's eye, as the great body flew up to the tree, I pictured a ghastly struggle, a heavy fall, and a sickening death; at the same instant a moment's intuition suggested a difficult but not impossible shot at the tiger's back as he clasped the tree. With my last barrel I fired. There was no time for a long and steady aim; but as the smoke cleared away—what relief ! the tiger had dropped to the ground. With nine lives—cat-like—he was not dead; he walked off and disappeared. We dared not look for him then and there, dying and savage in such rough and dangerous cover; but next morning we found him cold and stiff. He was a magnificent male, very large and heavy, enormous paws and moustache—a splendid great cat."

After this one is inclined to say that Miss Savory would be a very useful kind of woman in any emergency. Moreover, she shows a rare capacity for observing the little things which make so much difference. Here is an example which will appeal to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE :

"I remember General M——'s charming chimpanzee, who when asleep would often stretch himself on his back and side, at full length, using one hand as a kind of pillow; never sleeping, like other monkeys, in a squatting position. He would sit down to table like a man, open his napkin, and use it always after drinking. He would take up a glass with instinctive care, clasping it with both hands, and setting it down so softly and carefully as never to break anything. He would pour out wine and clink glasses. He used a spoon and fork, and in eating only took as much as he could hold with the thumb, fore and middle fingers. He slept on a little bed of his own, covering himself up in an orderly manner. He would offer people his arm and walk with them. He dearly loved General M——'s little niece, and would run to meet her when she came into the room, embrace and kiss her, take her hand and lead her to a sofa, where they would play most happily. But supposing that strange children came into the room and began to romp, Bobby would bite their legs, shake them, seize their jackets, and box their ears, seeming to think he was merely joining in their fun and noise. When General M—— was writing, Bobby would often seize a pen, dip it in the ink, and scrawl across sheet after sheet of paper. He was fond of cleaning the windows; it was amusing to see him squeeze up the cloth, breathe hard upon the pane, and then rub it vigorously, passing quickly from one place to another. He took tea and cocoa in the morning and evening, and a mixed diet in between meals, such as fruit, sweetmeats, red wine and water, and sugar. To keep him out of mischief he lived, when the General was busy, in a cage; on one occasion he stole the key, which was hanging on the wall, and hid it in his little coat-pocket. Later in the day his master put him back into the cage and closed the door, which locked itself. Directly General M—— was out of sight, Bobby unlocked his door and walked out. He knew how to use a gimlet; he would ring out wet clothes; he blew his nose with a handkerchief. When at last he caught cold, and was laid low with pneumonia, his actions were almost human. He put his arms round General M——'s neck, kissed him twice, then lying back on his pillow, he stretched out his arm, took the General's hand, and died. Such cases seem to lessen the great gulf which separates the highest class of apes from mankind, and they bring home to us Huxley's perfectly valid statement, that a wider gulf separates the lowest tribe of monkeys from the highest class of apes than that which exists between the highest class of apes and human beings. Bobby does not compare ill with the Australian aborigines, who can hardly be said to possess even a rudimentary soul, and whose brutal instincts leave upon us a grisly impression of their bestial natures and deep degradation. At the same time it seems impossible that man can be descended from any of the species of monkey now living; and it is more probable that both apes and man have been produced from a common ground form of which there remains

now no trace, but which is strongly expressed in the structure of young specimens. Childhood is less advanced, and the young ape stands infinitely nearer to the human child than the adult ape does to the man."

The speculations which end the extract are, perhaps, not mysterious in their profundity, but the passage has a certain charm notwithstanding.

Three books remain for treatment, and it shall be meted out to them very shortly. "Ursula," by K. Douglas King (John Lane), was recommended to me by a keen and, as a rule, critical novel-reader, and the tale, although it stirs me considerably less than it did him, is distinctly one of those which carry the reader away. Besides, the author has "Father Hilarion" and "The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's" to his credit, and that is a passport to favour. The weak point in the story, to my mind, is that the reader sees through the spy and villain from the beginning, so that the manner in which the majority of the remaining characters are hoodwinked by him lacks *verisimilitude*. On the other hand, the way in which all the men and boys in turn fall in love with the narrator, a beautiful girl who forgets to say that she is so, is entertaining, and the adventures at the end are wildly exciting.

A book to be recommended very cordially for the young, and more than

readable for the adult and mature, is Mr. Pett Ridge's "A Son of the State" (Methuen). It is a simple story enough, that of a waif of the streets, a precocious lad, who is taken to a home, and in due course runs away, and goes back again, and enters the Navy and qualifies for the Victoria Cross. Anybody could invent such a plot, but not everybody could paint the scenes in the East End with the easy yet accurate touch which belongs to Mr. Pett Ridge. The funeral of Bob Lancaster's mother, his life at the coiner's, his horror at the "Home" and its cleanliness, his dialogues with the little girl Trixie who afterwards becomes his sweetheart, his life in the training-ship, his experiences in the hospital, are as good as good can be. They are studies of a social stratum which Mr. Pett Ridge knows off by heart.

One word more. Parts of "African Nights' Entertainment," by Mr. A. J. Dawson (Heinemann), are horrible. For example, the account given in "The Richard Merlin Document" of the tortures inflicted on the said Merlin and his love is painful. But there are those who like to have their blood curdled, and, taken as a whole, these stories of love and adventure, with Morocco for scene, are distinctly entertaining.

"ROBERT ORANGE."

BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

IT is not often that a special article in *COUNTRY LIFE*, apart from the ordinary "Books of the Day" and the "Literary Notes," is devoted to a single book; but then it is not often that a novelist of our generation devotes so much care and attention and time to a single book as "John Oliver Hobbes" has given to "Robert Orange" (Unwin), which for months past has been delighting the multitudinous readers of the *Ladies' Field*. Two novels in five years, neither of them very long, but both of them very thoughtful and well polished, is not a large literary output, but that output is pure gold notwithstanding, and partly for that reason. "Robert Orange" is a sequel to "The School for Saints," and a worthy sequel, but it may be read very well, by a slight exercise of the imagination in the concluding chapters, as a single production, and, so read, it will produce an abiding impression on any thoughtful mind. As I look back upon it there arises a fear lest, in directing attention to the threads of lofty thought which run through this remarkable work, I should leave the impression that it is written in a tone so serious as to deter the reader who seeks mere amusement. So let me begin by a series of signals, so to speak, of fair weather. "Robert Orange" is an eminently religious book, but it is conspicuously bright also; it is political, but it is also witty; it is philosophical, but it is also shrewd; it is an artistic collection of character studies, but they are all human, and nearly all of individual and original type, but it has action also; in it many love stories run their troubled course simultaneously; in it appear well-known names, those of Disraeli, Dr. Temple, Newman, and Dr. Benson; and actual letters from Disraeli, and dialogues between him and Orange, in which that bizarre statesman's tone and style are reproduced to a nicety. In the book, in a word, are combined the virtues characteristic of many writers, the earnest religious tone of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the paradoxical wit and shrewdness of Disraeli, and the constructive and portrait painting power of—well, of Mrs. Craigie. It is the easiest of books to admire, the hardest of books to analyse, not because it is in any sense confused, but because it has so many beautiful complications.

In dealing with this fine story I am in some measure hampered by ignorance, which it is the safer plan to confess, the more so as this ignorance is shared by others who know more than I do of a hundred subjects. For example, the last pages consist of a letter from Lord Beaconsfield in November, 1879, to "My dear F—," touching the sequel to the history of Robert Orange. From that letter in the printing a highly-important passage has been omitted, which is here supplied by the courtesy of the printer: "The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the Cloister, some to the Tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling." It is the passage which contains half, at any rate, of the keynote of the story, which is one of love and politics and religion, but of dominant love principally, in those stirring days of 1869 and thereabouts, when the excitement following upon the Oxford Movement was at its height. That the letter is not all authentic is clear. There was no Orange, by that name, who played so prominent a part in the religion, the politics, and the society of the period. But it is quite conceivable that in those times there may have been a man somewhat after the lines of Orange, and that Lord Beaconsfield may have written a similar letter to "a distinguished author who was engaged in writing a history of the Catholic movement in England," or even that the phrases may occur in one or more of his published letters. Also, I have a haunting suspicion of a recollection of a Sunday luncheon at the house of a distinguished literary man, at which Mrs. Craigie was present in the flesh, and of a conversation at that luncheon concerning sundry letters of Lord Beaconsfield

which Mrs. Craigie was then studying. At any rate, whether the letter in which this sentence occurs be truly Disraelian in origin or no, it is certainly absolutely Disraelian in spirit, and it expresses the pith of the story exactly, for the passion of love is the driving motive of the book, and it sends men and women into every kind of destiny. Now let us rush in *medias res*, beginning with analysis of Euclidean plainness. Robert Orange, the hero, is a rising Roman Catholic politician of French and noble birth, and private secretary to Lord Reckage, a very carefully drawn character of whom more later, who is president of the "Bond of Association," an esoteric club of High Church Tory malcontents, mostly young, which reminds one of a good deal heard vaguely about the "Souls." Mr. Disraeli is the nominal president of the club, but it is in relation to his personal interest in the welfare of Orange that we hear most of him. At the outset of the story Reckage is engaged to Agnes Carillon, the daughter of a bishop whose heart has never been touched although it is capable of the most ardent passion, and an artist, David Rennes, is painting her portrait. Orange is engaged to Brigit Parflete, the daughter of the Archduke of "Alberia" by a morganatic marriage, and the widow of an adventurer. With him are in love also Lady Sara de Treverelle, the impetuous and gipsy-like daughter of Lord Garrow, retired statesman in a small way, whose wife had been a Russian, and Lady FitzReeves, more commonly known by the pretty name of Pensée. The Duke of Marshire is paying his suit to Sara, and just before Brigit is married from Pensée's house there is a very trying and cleverly-written dialogue between Pensée and Sara, who are friends. Sara, marked by a certain fierce sentimentality, declares that she is in love with another, and that she cannot marry the Duke. Pensée, believing Sara's mind to be fixed on Reckage, encourages her to reject the Duke and then makes her declaration, to wit, that she is in hopeless love with Orange, and Sara makes no sign, save that she contrives to drop a necklace and break it, and turns her mind towards Reckage, whom she invites to luncheon on the day of the wedding. The wedding takes place; Brigit and Orange, in the very supremacy of happiness, which is described with exquisite taste and fine force, start for St. Malo, when, hey presto! a thunderbolt falls. At Sara's luncheon-party are Lord Garrow, Reckage, Pensée, and a certain Sir Piers Harding, "a thick-set, livid man, with an unyielding smile and the yellow eyes of one whom rich diet rather than an angry God had rendered melancholy." Harding casually announces that he has met Parflete quite recently, that Parflete had not committed suicide as was believed; and then, to use a vulgar expression but a forcible, the fat is indeed in the fire. It is in the following chapters that the interest and the pathos of the story really culminate, and that the novelist shows her consummate art by describing in alternate chapters the happiness of the innocent lovers at St. Malo. To those who know that picturesque city, Mrs. Craigie's brief but glowing description of it on a sunny morning will be, as it is to me, an absolutely vivid picture. And all the while Nemesis, as in the Tragedies of Ancient Greece, when happiness became too much for the grudging Gods to bear, is following them surely. Reckage and Pensée, the former moved by affection for his friend, which is the best feature in a character apparently selfish, the latter moved by real love of Brigit, and tortured by the fear lest she be considered an intruder, are following them to take the dreadful news, and they send a warning but obscure telegram. The lovers divine the meaning and the situation in which they find themselves, and the picture of their mutual agony of mind, of the struggle between the overwhelming love with which both are consumed, and the sense of duty which is abnormally strong in both, touches the height of true tragedy. One would have forgiven them a hundred times over if they had defied the world, but that would have been inconsistent with the very fine characters of both, and it is the more true and faithful art to allow them both to suffer.

They do, and that acutely, although the world thinks them hard. They return to London; Orange resumes his work; Brigit begins to think of the stage, after which she had always had hereditary hankernings. And now, how shall I tell in a hundred words, more or less, the story which Mrs. Craigie tells in two hundred pages with hardly a line wasted? Surely again by bald statement, which is the less repugnant to me in that the diplomatic and intriguing part of it is to my mind hardly so pleasing as the rest of the book. Agnes runs away with Rennes, and they are married and done for. Reckage is thrown by his horse Pluto, whom he never could ride, and done for, but not married to Sara, as he certainly would have been if she had not discovered him in duplicity towards Orange. Then enter upon the scene the Prince d'Alchingen, Alberian Minister, very crafty and afraid that Brigit may claim her rights, and Mudara the spy (whom we know of old), and Castrillon, who seems to have tried to compromise Brigit in the past, and is prepared to traduce and betray her in the present. Castrillon and she have acted together in the past, and it is arranged that they shall do so now at a great party at the d'Alchingens.

They do so, Brigit, of course, being immensely successful, and Orange, who has been an unseen spectator of the acting, challenges Castrillon to a duel, and kills him near Calais. Then events hurry. Mudara kills Parflete by accident in their lodging and escapes. Brigit, talking to the good priest over her husband's body, receives a letter saying that Orange has killed Castrillon, and is on his way to join the Jesuits.

Then comes the final struggle. The priest, true to his orders, will not advise one way or the other. Pensée, to whom the letter has been addressed under cover, takes it to Brigit. "I think you ought to read this letter. I have had one also. Robert thinks of taking a great step, and perhaps—her glance met Brigit's. 'No,' said Brigit, under her breath, 'no.' Then with trembling hands she read the letter once, twice, three times." The words are few; but there is a world of pathos in them. That, the final act of renunciation of a good Catholic, is practically the end. Nothing remains save the wonderful Disraelian letter. But, particularly in the omitted passage, that sums up the whole tragedy. The passion of love has driven Orange to the Cloister, Brigit to the stage, and all, including Agnes Carillon, to some extremity which was their natural calling.

What more shall I say of the book? First that it

is clearly written by a woman who combines deep religious conviction with an acute enjoyment of the graces and the levities of life, and with a very pretty wit. Her men and women have souls, but they have sharp tongues, and say the cleverest things without a semblance of effort. Also they have clothes, and one can see them in their habits as they lived, which is, after all, rather a blessing, and gives room for a number of pretty touches. Lastly, they are all real, living, individual. The strength, reserve, restraint, burning passion, and self-discipline of Orange, the fever of Bohemian blood in Sara, the complexity and the beauty of Brigit's character, the gentle womanliness of Pensée, and the lovable qualities of Reckage in spite of his selfishness, are memories of an abiding character. Frankly I do not like the villains, Parflete, Mudara, and d'Alchingen, not because, after the manner of the gallery, I want to hiss them off the stage, but because they are less real, less convincing than the others. One or two quite minor faults I note also. We do not call Virginian creepers vines in this country, although it is quite correct to do so; and, although we talk of "the Duke" and "the Marquis," we do not, in the social way, say "said the Earl," although they do so in America. But these things are spots on the sun, and it remains only to thank Mrs. Craigie most sincerely for that inestimable treasure, a true and a powerful book.

Coaching and Driving at Ranelagh & Hurlingham.

IT was a happy thought that occurred to the Ranelagh management when they offered the big cup for competition among the road coaches. All those who love the rattle of the bars, and there are surely few sportsmen who do not, must be glad to see some of the masters of the art of coachmanship competing on the Ranelagh course. The way in which this course is laid out is excellent, for it is a fair test without being tricky, but then Dr. Hastings is himself a practical coachman. The judges were Lord Shrewsbury, who occasionally nowadays drives three leaders, and Mr. Harry Goodwin. There were twelve coaches in all out of fourteen entries, which must be considered a good muster. In the competition for the challenge cup, decision was a difficult matter, but the judges eventually fixed on the Perseverance. It would be hard to find a flaw in Mr. Browne's coach, and Tagg, his coachman, drove well in the ring, and thoroughly earned the special cup the club gives to the driver of the winning coach. I was particularly pleased to see Ernest Fownes win the driving competition; anyone who watched him take a fresh team down Pall-Mall on the morrow of Mafeking's relief must own him as a master of the science. He drove Mr. T. B. Dewar's Rocket coach with a team of chestnuts that were bold and handy. The prize for handling an unknown team of horses provided by the club was won by another Fownes, while Morse of the Taglioni was



W. A. Rouch.

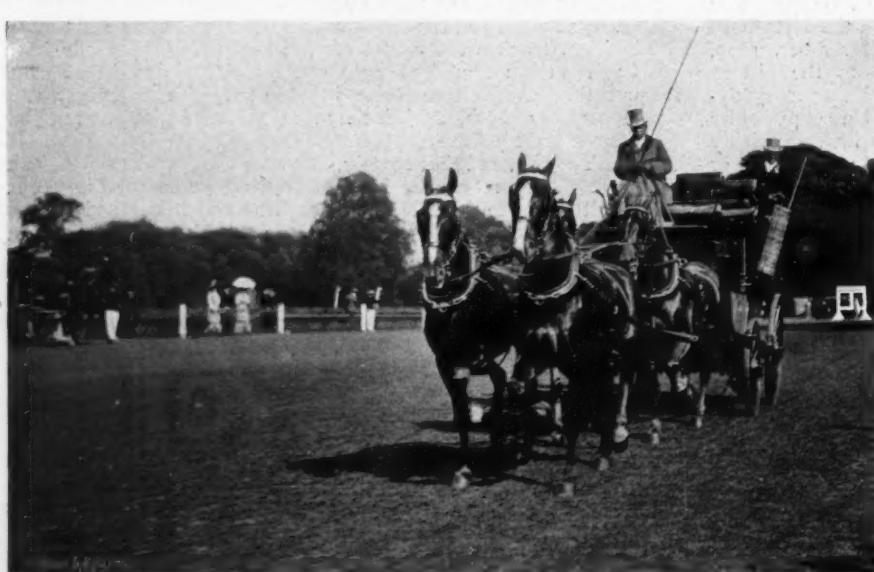
THOMAS TAGG NEGOTIATING THE WHEELS.

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awarded the prize for handling by Mr. Walter Godden, the judge for that event.

It was a very appropriate ending to the afternoon that the Duchess of Beaufort should give away the prizes, for the name will always be connected with coaching. Probably no one family has ever produced so many fine coachmen as the Somersets. The present Duke, when Marquess of Worcester, used to drive a good deal, though he is not often seen at the meets of the Four-in-Hand Club nowadays.

It was natural that, in consequence of the muster at Barn Elms, comparatively few people should be at Hurlingham to see the ladies' and gentlemen's driving competition. As a matter of fact, none but ladies took part in the driving. The judges were Lords Ancker and Haddington and Colonel E. H. Baldock. Miss Massey Mainwaring drove round the course in good style under 3 min., and won from Miss Fiona Hastings, who had a mixed team, not very handy, but who deserves a word of praise for the way in which she holds her hands and her quiet style of handling a team. Mrs. Walter Buckmaster, driving a charming bay, gave a really brilliant exhibition in the singles, and won easily from Mrs. Gouldsmith and Miss Streatfield. In pairs, Mrs. Ernest Kennedy drove two very handy grey horses round without a single mistake; Miss Massey Mainwaring was second with a pair of bays that were not so well-mannered as the winners. This was a very good exhibition of driving, but it took rather too long. In the course of the afternoon a gentleman visited both clubs driving six horses in his coach. The lover of coaching may wonder at the skill of the driver or the training of his horses, but will not desire to imitate the act. The team looked



W. A. Rouch. TAGG, WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP.

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unwieldy and awkward, and four horses are quite enough for a coach anywhere but in the backwoods.

POLO NOTES.

THE America Cup at Hurlingham was the event of the week at the polo clubs. It overshadowed the final of the County Cup—which latter was, in fact, rather disappointing—and drew large crowds to Hurlingham. It is sixteen years since Mr. John Watson took a team to America and brought over the cup to England, where it has remained ever since. In England it will stay for another year. But I do not think that anyone would say the cup is safe to remain here always. The Americans not only played so well as to make everyone feel they had a chance even against our strongest team, but they played a losing game with a pluck and resolution that we are accustomed to call English, but which is not equally a characteristic of our cousins. If the match had been put off for a week or two, and in the meantime the American team had arranged a series of matches against first-rate English players, the challengers would then have had better combination, and would have come nearer to victory than they did. The English played better together than their opponents and were mounted on faster ponies. The teams played as follows, and in the order of their names: America—Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. Mackey, Mr. Foxhall Keene, and Mr. Laurence McCreery; England—Captain Beresford, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. John Watson. The umpires were Colonel Lawley and Lord Harrington.

Of the American team English polo claims the training of three. The Messrs. McCreery were educated at Cambridge and come from California, where the game is, or was, played under Hurlingham rules and not according to the American code. Mr. Mackey learned all he knows at Rugby. Mr. Foxhall Keene, however, is an American player, trained at Westchester. He says, I believe, that in his club near New York there are several players as good or better than himself. If this be so, with a little training in combination, we may look forward to a good tussle for the America Cup every year. Mr. Keene is a very fine hitter with great control of the ball, and a resolute horseman with a good idea of pace. When he first began to play in England he was a little inclined to forget his side, but now falls into his place. The only thing to be noted is a slight indecision at times as to whether he should or should not come up into the game. From the moment Mr. St. Que tin threw in the ball it was evident that good hard play was coming. From first to last it was a galloping game, very well fought, and singularly fair. There were four technical fouls in the course of the game, but not one deliberate instance of misdoing; yet it was a game with plenty of hustling and



Rouch. *ROCKET: E. FOWNES WINS THE DRIVING COMPETITION.* Copyright—"C.L."

At last, however, England made a goal; Mr. F. Freake hit it, and it was a good shot, but there was some excellent combined play before the goal was made. Mr. John Watson played as though the sixteen years that have passed since last he helped to win the cup had been as many days and time had left no mark. His placing for his forwards was as ever good, and his mastery of the tactics of the game perfect.

Once having started to score, England began to do a good deal of shooting at goal, Mr. Buckmaster, as usual, having several chances. It is one of the points of this player that he never seems hampered by the opposition, but is always going free and at his ease, while he is himself one of the most resolute and formidable hustlers (though always a fair one) playing nowadays.

Eventually he hit a beautiful long shot, and six times the English players scored before the Americans made a successful shot. When they did so the applause was great, for though England had done the scoring, no one could say it was a dull game, as the ball swept up and down the ground. The Americans never lost heart, but once they fell to pieces for about five minutes and missed some good chances. Before the match I fixed the score at 7 goals to 2, and at 8 to 2 the last bell told us the cup was to stay in England. Lady Harrington handed the trophy to the English team, and we cheered heartily for the American players and their horsemanship and pluck, which they will pardon me for saying were both very English.

This match excited great interest, and drew to Hurlingham numbers of people, who followed every phase of the game with the deepest interest.

In some respects the fixing of the America Cup match for Saturday was unlucky, as it diverted the attention of people from the final of the County Polo Association's Cup.

The two teams left in were Stansted—Messrs. H. Blyth, A. Gold, Tresham Gilbey, and Gerald Gold—and Rugby—Mr. J. Drage, Comte de Madre, Mr. R. S. Marsham, and Mr. E. S. Prince.

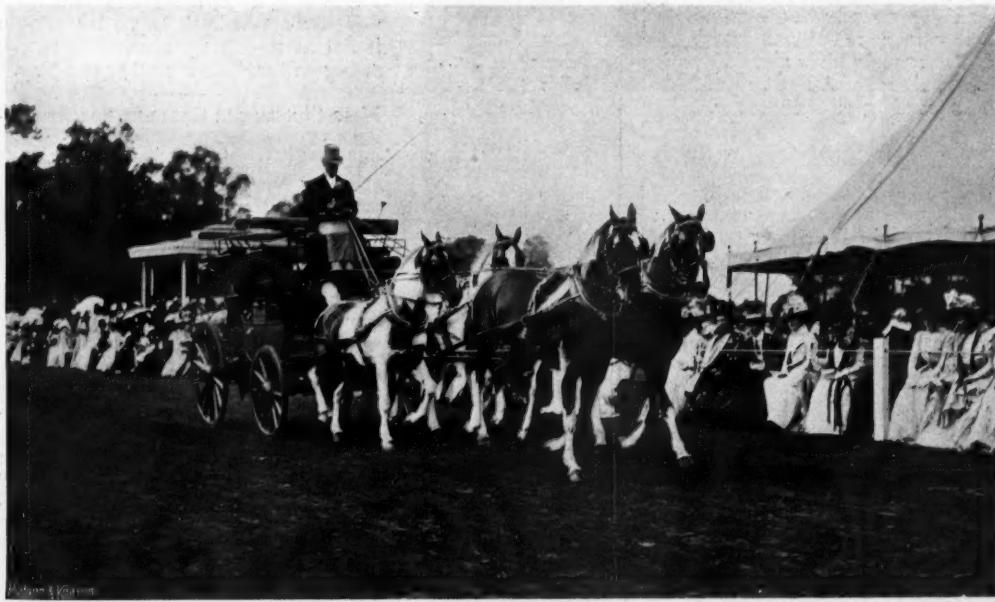
The game was fast till half-time and very even, one all being the score, but Rugby, who scored first, always played rather the stronger game, both Mr. Drage and Mr. Prince, who are comparatively new to London polo, playing in a way which shows that with practice and good ponies they may have a future before them.

After the third ten minutes, Stansted gave way, and Rugby scored four goals, winning by 5 to 1.

Mr. T. B. Drybrough umpired in his usual careful and thorough manner. Few of our present-day polo men take so much pains about this important matter as he does.

I believe the Ranelagh polo was good, but I am obliged to trust to hear say for that. The matches were not very even. In the first, Ranelagh, represented by Mr. Garner, Mr. G. Baring, Captain R. Ward, and Mr. Dugdale, beat the Household Brigade—Mr. H. Brassey, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Roxburgh, and Captain C. S. Schreiber—by 6 to 3, after a fairly fast game, in which, however, both sides were often a good deal scattered. Then Rugby—Messrs. Walter Jones, Cecil Nickalls, C. D. Miller, and A. Rawlinson—beat Ranelagh—Messrs. Gurney, E. B. Sheppard, A. Drake, and F. C. Menzies. Rugby were altogether too strong, even though Mr. Rawlinson is only just recovering from influenza. Nevertheless, his bold style of play was the feature of the afternoon.

Two more polo players are selected for important posts. One is Colonel Bower, with whom the present writer has played many a game. He is in China with



W. A. Rouch. *NIMROD: WINNING TEAM LAST YEAR.* Copyright—"C.L."

riding off, in which respect this match and the Champion Cup, as they were the most exciting games, so were they the best. Some teams this year have been very slack about riding off, and No. 1 players seem to have forgotten how to tackle the opposing back. Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Godfrey Heseltine, and Mr. Guy Gilbey, to mention one or two well-known civilian No. 1 players, never forget this part of their duty. To return to the game on Saturday. For ten minutes it was sheer hard galloping. England pressed, but was kept away from the posts by an excellent defence. In fact, the way in which Messrs. McCreery and Foxhall Keene saved their goal was marvellous. They evidently do not consider that a goal is won until the ball has actually rolled over the line, nor do they watch it rolling towards the chalk mark with the sort of hopeless fatalism adopted by some players.

the regiment he has raised at Wei-hai-Wei. The other, Captain Mann-Thomson, has been appointed to command a squadron of the Composite Regiment in South Africa.

The final of the Ranelagh Cup should produce a good match on Saturday (July 14th) at Barn Elms. X.

AT THE THEATRE

IT is a very rare occurrence to have two new plays by the same author, or collaborators, produced on the same night, but Messrs. Edward Ferris and Paul Heriot have succeeded in accomplishing this dramatic feat by the production on the same night last week of their two new plays, "A Silver Wooing" and "Val of the 25th."

By many people, those authors will be accounted fortunate in that there was no rival production last week to divide attention with, or to lessen the interest in, their dual efforts, but having the stage entirely to one's self is not wholly an advantage when it turns out that the work done there is not wholly admirable. However, the closing of theatres is, in this month, much more usual than the advent of new plays—for the end of another dramatic season has come with another summer—and those facts may have influenced the young authors to fix their first night in July.

Of the two plays "A Silver Wooing" is much the more ambitious, but "Val of the 25th"—although it is only a curtain raiser—is the better drama. The latter is the story of a young woman with a husband who, she finds out too late, is a drunkard. Previous to her marriage she had loved another

man—a Major Vallance—but influenced by some false story she refused him and married Captain Revell. In the course of time she learns that she had wronged Major Vallance. She learns it at a British Residency in India, where the action of the piece takes place. Mrs. Revell and Mrs. Ayrtoun (the Resident's wife) are the only women in the house. Mutiny is about, and the place is surrounded, when Major Vallance brings in Captain Revell dangerously wounded.

The leader of the insurgents sends in a message that four of the five Europeans may go in safety—for them he sends four passports—one must remain behind. Vallance and the Resident are both agreed that the wounded man, Mrs. Revell's husband, shall go out as one of the four. They two draw lots to see which shall remain behind to die. Vallance manœuvres the papers so that he gets the death slip. Mrs. Revell sees the action, and then follows a scene in which the man who loves her tells her that all is for the best—her husband will keep his promise to reform, and she will be happy yet. Time is very short now, she must leave him; they enter the inner room to bring out her wounded husband, but they find him lying dead. "We have passports for four," says the Resident, and there the play ends. The piece is feelingly written, and was excellently played by Miss Eileen Concannon as Mrs. Revell, Mr. William Devereux as Vallance, and by Mr. A. G. Poulton as the Resident.

"A Silver Wooing" has a consistent story, but two of the incidents are very improbable, and deprive the play of serious claim to be a representation of life as we see it. The authors ought to know that an actor broken down, his health shattered by twenty years' indulgence in morphia, is not the man to write a dramatic masterpiece—as one of the characters in their play is supposed to do—in which way they give their hero his great chance to win renown. The brewer, too, with a hankering after theatrical speculation, who gives a cheque for £2,000 to a man that he knows very little of, must be doubted. The hero of the story is a young fellow who angers the mother of the girl he loves by his determination to become an actor. He dares all and goes on the stage, helped there by the broken-down old actor who writes the masterpiece that brings fame to both—for the hero makes a triumph in it, and the author, of course, makes money as well as fame. Eventually the mother of the hero's sweetheart is discovered to be the old man's long-lost wife, her daughter his child; therefore there is much happiness for everybody at the fall of the curtain.

A few more rehearsals may help "A Silver Wooing" to go better than it did at the first performance, but no acting will make it a really good play.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, now appearing as Lady Sneerwell in the delightful revival of "The School for Scandal" at the Haymarket, has, strange to say, never before played in old comedy, nor had she previous to the start of the rehearsals for this piece ever seen "The School for Scandal" on a stage. Miss Collier has done some exceptionally good work in society woman parts in modern comedy, and she possesses the not common gift of being able to make the last character that she "creates" a distinct personality that cannot be confused with anything she has done before. Miss Collier is charmed by "The School for Scandal," she likes her part, and she looks commanding handsomely in it too.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Martin Harvey's tenancy of the Prince of Wales's Theatre expires at the end of the present month, it is very probable that he will again at no distant date resume active management in London. Mr. Harvey has made a place for himself in the purely sentimental drama that has drawn to him a large following—particularly amongst the gentler sex—and his determination to remain in London will be accepted as pleasant news indeed, particularly so if it means that we shall see such another play as "Ib and Little Christina."



Fellows Willson. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY SNEERWELL. Copyright

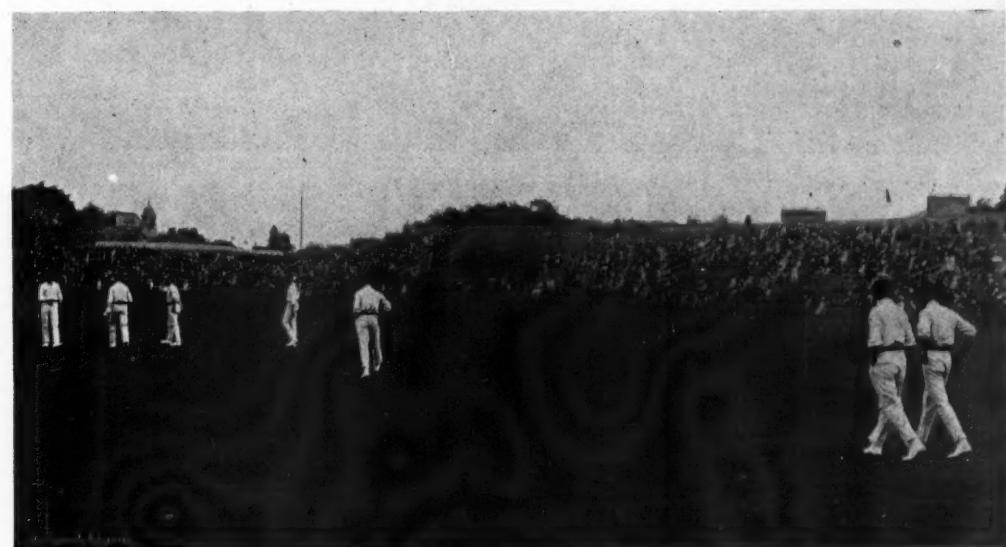
MISS ELLALINE TERRISS and Mr. Seymour Hicks do not after all return to America before next spring, but will with Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Herbert Standing again complete the admirable quartette of artists that made such a huge success in "My Daughter in Law" last autumn at the Criterion Theatre, and later on at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. They will all again appear, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, in a new light comedy at one of the Strand theatres, after which may come a costume play adapted from a very popular American novel entitled "Mrs. Penwick." Mr. Tree has no intention of taking a very long rest when "Rip Van Winkle" concludes its run at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the early part of

September will find the house reopened with a revival of "Julius Cæsar." When this revival shall have fulfilled its object it will be removed to make way for "Othello," the scenic magnificence of which will probably eclipse anything ever seen even at this theatre of superb productions. Venice offers the scene painter a wondrous choice of picturesque perspective that appeals to no one more quickly than to Mr. Tree, and consequently the production, as well as Mr. Tree's appearance in the play, will be anticipated in London with exceptional interest. It has already been decided that Mrs. Tree will be Emilia, and to Miss Lily Brayton, an accomplished young actress, has fallen the part of Desdemona.

PHÆBUS.

THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.'

THE University match has resulted as everyone who knew anything about the sides expected. Given fine weather and a good wicket, neither side could have hoped to get the other out for less than 350 runs per innings. The weather was fine, not brilliant, but not rainy, and the wicket superb; "superb" is the only epithet we can apply to Hearne's masterpiece, which was as good on Saturday night as it was on Thursday morning, and easy for the whole time, not a single ball of a decent length appearing to rise as high as the bails; hence with two sides fairly strong in batting and only moderately strong in bowling a draw was a certainty if only the weather held up. The weather did hold up, and the draw was assured. We have used the phrase "moderately strong in bowling" of set purpose, for there is always a tendency among pavilion critics to belittle every University bowler who is not a Steel, or an Evans, or a Woods; but though the bowlers of both sides were severely punished, there was little really loose bowling about. Full pitches and long hops were rare, and there was no plethora of half-volleys, so that if it was hard to be bowled out, the runs at least had to be made; they seldom came as a free gift, and we will further hazard the statement that had Lockwood

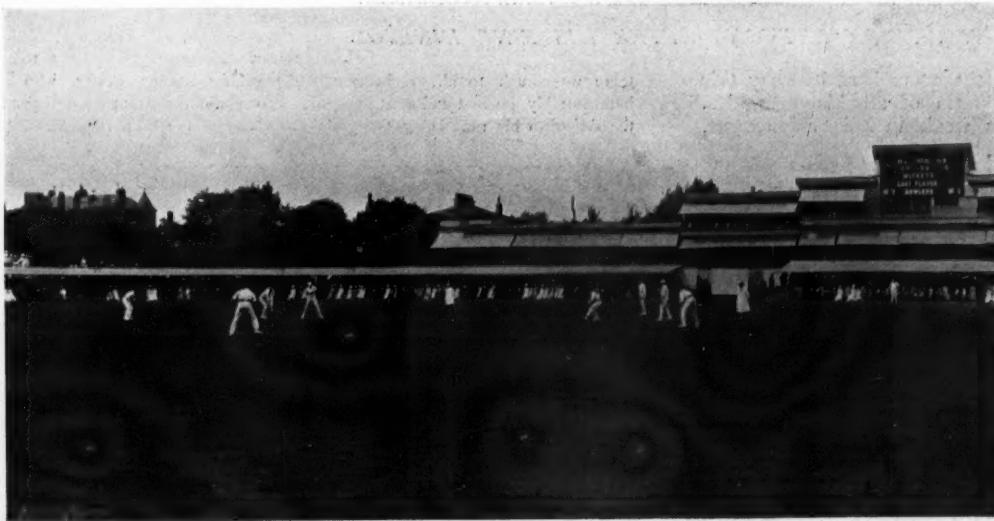


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THE DARK BLUES TAKE THE FIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Oxford. Yet another record was, it was rumoured in the pavilion, likely to be upset, this being the reason why the Oxford captain delayed the closure so long that he seemed to wish to present Cambridge with some time that might have proved very precious had wickets fallen at all fast in the fourth innings. We allude to this rumour merely because it was bandied from mouth to mouth, but we absolutely disbelieve that any University captain would allow all the records in Christendom or Cricketdom to impair in the smallest degree the chances of victory. We do think, however, that, considering that steadiness rather than brilliance was the feature of the Cambridge batting, Oxford batted for at least a quarter of an hour longer than was necessary or judicious. That the match was exciting no one can admit, though some slashing hitting by Foster and Martyn woke the spectators up at times; but the long stand by Foster and Pilkington, coupled with the obvious fact that the best of bowlers, let alone amateurs, could hardly have been difficult on the perfect pitch, awoke everyone to the certainty that Cambridge would have to play a defensive game from the very outset of their first innings. Not that the scoring was ever tedious, for whereas the Oxonians travelled at the



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IN FULL PLAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Rhodes, or Mold and Mead, or all four of them, been bowling against either University on that particular wicket no one would have marvelled at a total of 300. It is not surprising then that several records for the match were beaten; thus Foster's 171 beat Key's 143; the total of 388, twice reached by Cambridge, was just passed by the Cantabs themselves, and left far in the rear by Oxford's 503; the aggregate of 1,300 was 200 ahead of the 1,100 made in 1892; while the wicket average was 46 runs and a little more, Cambridge in this respect doing better than

rate of about 80 an hour, the Cantabs were content with from 65 to 70; but Oxford had a Martyn and a Foster, both of whom came off, while Cambridge lacked a "slasher." Had even an understudy of Jessop come to the wickets at 5.30 p.m. on Friday the Cambridge score might well have been nearer 500 than 400. To our mind no team is complete without a dangerous hitter, least of all a University side. If anyone doubts the truth of this axiom, let him examine the records of the inter-University matches.



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INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Examining the sides categorically, we should say that there was little to choose between the two lots of bowlers—Bosanquet, by the way, was handicapped by a strained side—none of whom are likely to make history on hard wickets; that Foster was out and away the best batsman playing in the match, and that Pilkington was quite the next best; that after these we should rate the five or six best of the Cambridge side, for Martyn, being mainly a hitter, cannot readily be appraised. With Foster and Pilkington in form and in luck, Oxford had the strongest batting; had they failed twice, Oxford would have been in grave trouble, for the last nine were no match for the Cambridge last nine; indeed, it would be hard to say which of the Light Blues was the crack, so even was the batting. In fielding Cambridge had a large superiority, except in wicket-keeping, Martyn being certainly somewhat better than Taylor, though neither had much real work to do. Daniell was quite the finest fieldsman on the ground, and to say this is not to belittle the admirable form of all his comrades. Oxford, however, was deplorably weak in this department, many runs being given away by slovenly fielding, and few saved by acts of brilliance. Noting that the Cambridge wicket average was the better, and not forgetting that Oxford had to play a forcing game in their second innings, we do not detect a great difference in the sides, the margin of difference being represented by Foster's batting. On a hard wicket Oxford could hardly have lost; were the match replayed on a bowler's wicket we are disposed to think that all-through batting, plus good fielding, would have pulled Cambridge to the front; the bowling may be discarded as a negligible quantity.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THE five first-class matches set for decision at the end of last week were all drawn, so I suppose the reformers will be at work again, full of projected and impossible schemes. It may be stated, however, that except in the case of the 'Varsity match and the game between Surrey and Leicestershire, the rainy weather was the cause of the mischief. Lancashire never looked like beating Sussex outright, though Fry was away—military duties, I suppose—and Ranjitsinhji failed twice; yet, had Killick's defence broken down early, there were the makings of a lost match for Sussex. Notts played an in-and-out match with Yorkshire, and till Hirst came in had a winning game. There

is, however, no better man at a crisis than Hirst, and, playing a most admirable innings of 155 while Rhodes and Hunter stone-walled for him, he saved his county from a losing position and made it look a winner all over. Goodacre made a century for Notts, his first, I believe, going in as Hirst had done at the fall of the sixth wicket, and sharing with Hirst the honour of saving the fatherland. Thus both the Northern counties, as well as Sussex, kept their unimpaired record. Surrey should certainly have added a point to their credit, as they had only Leicestershire to meet, but bad out-cricket, chiefly in the shape of dropped catches in the first innings, lost them a winning bracket. All the fine batting of Surrey, backed by fair bowling, will avail nothing if catches are let fall, for the attack, though fair, is nothing remarkable. De Trafford played one of his dashing innings, tinged with rashness, and scored 91 runs, but Wood (32 and 64), Knight (41 and 60), King (72 and 58), and Geeson (33 and 31), were the real saviours of the side, for a failure in the second innings spelt ruin in face of the huge Surrey total, 522. Hayes showed splendid nerve and power in hitting up his 104, but 94, the innings of the match being in excellent style, though he, too, was through, the honours, considering the reputed relative strength of the counties, go to Leicestershire. Passing to the 'Varsity match, I must first say that the excellence of the cricket spoiled the game, for there was not a bowler who could make the ball break or spin so as to discommode the batsmen. Nearly all those who got out (twenty-eight for a total of 1,300) got themselves out, the bowlers being quite helpless to do more than annoy. Had a popular vote been taken as to the hero of the match, Foster would have won easily, and probably rightly, for his play up to the time he scored 100 was as fine as the hitting that gave him the odd 71. Pilkington, however, was equally sound, and had he passed the Rubicon might have shown us what he is capable of on the other side. Martyn's hitting delighted everyone, but there was an element of rusticity about it, while he only began operations when the Cambridge arms were numb and tired; still he was most interesting. The Cambridge men played a defensive game like true artists, taking in the end an equal share of honours with the side that was unanimously acclaimed as the stronger. Personally, I do not think

there was much to choose between the two lots, except Foster, who is immeasurably the best and most dangerous batsman of the twenty-two players, the set-off to his runs being the great superiority of the Cambridge fielding.



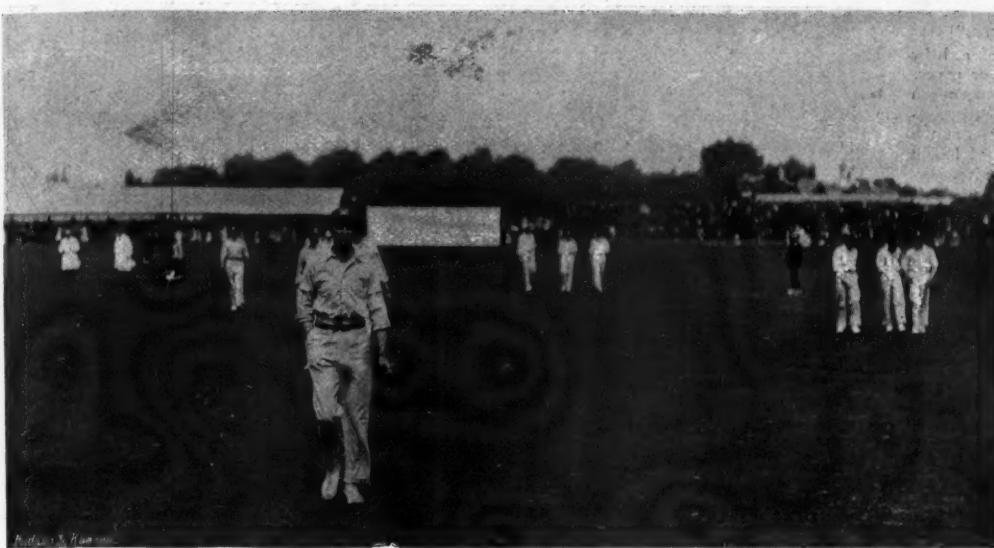
MR. MOON RETURNS AFTER HIS FINE INNINGS.



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THE PROMENADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OXFORD CAPTAIN LEADS BACK HIS MEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Admitting that the ground was very fast—it was never fiery—yet the Oxford fielding was often loose, and occasionally slack and sloppy, the catching being also dubious. Martyn's wicket-keeping was much admired, especially the clean way in which he took the ball on the leg side and brought it to the bail like a flash of light. Taylor and Moon played capitally for Cambridge, as did also Stanning, Wilson, Day, and especially Dowson, who was as discreet in his hitting as he was careful in his defence. The sensational catch of the match was made by More, but Blaker's catch which sent back Champaign required a lot of judging and holding, running full tilt as the fieldsmen was. Had the match to be played again on a hard wicket I believe the result would be the same, but I should like to see the Cantabs perform on a slow wicket, as I fancy it would suit both their bowling and their batting.

W. J. FORD.



COTTAGE HOSPITALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is a pity Mr. Holland did not take the trouble to make himself better acquainted with the design for the Beaworthy Cottage Hospital, which he criticises in your paper. His chief complaint against the place is based on a misunderstanding of it. Mr. Holland asserts that there is no cross ventilation of the wards. This is not true. A large air-flue is provided in each chimney-stack opposite each window. Further, Mr. Holland is not aware that the walls are covered with one inch of cement rough-cast, and the roof with inch boards and felt under the slates; so the wards cannot be "intolerably hot in summer." The hospital is not intended for infectious cases. I emphatically deny that the additional accommodation desired by Mr. Holland could have been given without extra cost, except, of course, by inferior quality of building. I doubt if Mr. Holland's vast knowledge of everything enables him to judge of the extra expense necessitated by the nature and levels of the site. A comparison of the relative cost of buildings without this knowledge is rather puerile.—C. F. A. VOYSEY.

STRAWBERRIES IN TUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last year you published some photographs of strawberries grown in tubs. Several people here (Cobham, Surrey) have tried them, and if you could obtain an authentic statement from any of your readers who have really gathered a good quantity of well-ripened fruit this season, some of us would like to be allowed to interview those lucky persons. Ten days ago I was told by several that their tubs had plenty of fruit, and that the plants were looking splendid. These friends sing a different song to-day, however, for, as in my case, the fruit is becoming mouldy instead of ripening, and all our trouble will end in disappointment. I have done all that seems possible for the past three seasons, and even last summer, which was hot and dry, no fruit was fit to eat. Let me shortly tell you my plan, which on paper seems perfect, but, alas! all ends in mouldy fruit. I have forty-eight holes in petroleum barrel, each about the size of a lawn tennis ball, plenty of small holes at the bottom, and a perforated 3in. tube down the centre of the barrel for watering. I planted strong rooted runners last August, and everything looked satisfactory until a fortnight ago; there was plenty of bloom and plenty of fruit, but the latter does not ripen. I have heard by letter of success, and I have often been told by friends that they know someone who knows someone else who gets capital fruit, but I have never yet been brought face to face with anyone who can show a tub of strawberries in good condition. How thankful we should be if you could help us to unravel this problem.—H. W. P.

[We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had more success than "H. W. P."—ED.]

MAKING A CLIPPED HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would you kindly give me what advice you can as to the best tree, Thuja or old English yew, for making a clipped hedge round a large croquet ground. I want to put in the largest trees possible, and would choose the quickest growers. I should like to know how soon I might hope for a good compact hedge of, say, 4ft. high. Also, whether I should plant the trees singly, or in two rows. The ground is in the Thames Valley. I thought perhaps the pillars might be golden yews. Can I put them in large?—BAOUS.

[*Thuja Lobbi* is a quicker grower than the yew, and it forms a good hedge, which is of a bright cheerful green at all seasons. It cannot, however, be regarded as equal to the yew for hedges, but it is often planted for its quicker growth and comparative cheapness. If you could obtain good bushy yews, 4ft. high, that have been transplanted regularly, as is done in the better nurseries, an effective hedge would soon be obtained. The plants may be put from 18in. to 2ft. apart, according to their density, but if they are at all slender they are better in two rows. In this case the plants should not be opposite one another, but planted at an angle, as by this means a more regular hedge is formed. Planting may be done from autumn up to February, and if followed by a dry spring, care should be taken that they do not suffer from drought. Clipping is best carried out in the spring, but after planting the yews should be allowed one season to recover themselves, hence, if planted next February they should not be clipped till the spring of the following year. Your idea of pillars of the golden yew is a good one, and they may be transplanted just as well as the common kind. There has been of late years considerable demand for good-sized yews, so we can scarcely say where you may obtain them. Such nurserymen as Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth Nurseries, Sheffield, J. Veitch and Sons, Chelsea, and Messrs. Barron and Son, Elvaston Nurseries, Derby, make a speciality of yews.—ED.]

LAYERING CARNATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Allow me to point out a serious omission in your directions for layering carnations in your issue of June 30th. It is absolutely essential that the layers should be kept moist; this makes just the difference between success and failure.—I.

[We scarcely agree with you as to the seriousness of our omission. In all directions we leave a little to the judgment of the grower, and considered that the layers would be kept moist without specially pointing out the necessity for this; but we thank you very much for your reminder.—ED.]

ROSE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I correct a statement in COUNTRY LIFE that the Crimson Rambler "never does well except on a tree trunk." I have three luxuriant plants on wire arches, one of which is stretching over them 24ft. from end to end, and if it were allowed would overgrow every other rose on my border.—HEDGERLEY.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you the enclosed photograph hoping it may prove of sufficient



interest for insertion in your paper. The kid was born four weeks ago, and quickly made friends with the twenty-two year old mare that was his companion in the paddock. Lately he has taken to mounting the box shown on the right of the picture, and from there springing unaided on to the mare's back, where he cuts the most amusing capers.—H. GUY WARD.

A BABY DONKEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a baby donkey, which you may care to put in your paper. The little creature was born in my compound in Bankipore, and when photographed was about a fortnight or three weeks old and measured 21 in. at the highest point of his shoulder. The little girl beside him is only four years old, which will give, perhaps, a better idea of his small size. My little girl of six used to carry him in her arms.—MARY BOURDILLON, Darjeeling.

A GARDENER'S CLAIM TO PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I dismissed my gardener, and on leaving he removed from my garden and greenhouse some 300 plants which he alleged were his property and had been brought upon the premises by him. I cannot prove that this was not so, but for some two or three years the plants have been grown in my pots and in my soil, and have been tended by labour for which I have paid, and I contend that the plants consequently became my property. I believe that a similar case was decided a few months ago, and against the gardener. Can you help me to trace it, as it might form a valuable precedent in my own case, and might be useful to many of your readers?—ALPHA.

[Unfortunately we do not remember anything of this particular case, and as it is probable no question of law was raised, perhaps the case has not been reported in any of the legal papers. The question raised would be one of fact, and it may be as well to point out that, although there is a natural presumption that plants which have been growing for two or three years in a garden or greenhouse belong to the owner of the premises, yet they are not necessarily his property. But if any other person claims them as his, that person must strictly prove his claim. Your gardener must therefore prove that the plants were his own property when brought upon your premises, and if he does this you must prove that the property in the plants subsequently passed to you. The considerations which you mention are not full proof, as they are quite consistent with an arrangement for the mutual benefit of both parties, in which the enhanced appearance of the premises was to be a *quid pro quo* for the shelter and attention afforded by you. Very slight additional evidence would be sufficient, especially anything showing that you had dealt with the plants as if they were your own. As your gardener has removed the plants, you may sue him for damages, and it will then rest with him to prove original ownership, and if that is established, you must then prove, not necessarily by direct evidence, that the ownership was subsequently changed.—ED.]



THE OMAR KHAYYAM MYTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A note appears in your issue of June 16th referring to my article on "The Omar Khayyám Myth" in the *People's Friend*. Permit me to point out that it is a greater literary heresy to say that "who wrote the poem to start with matters not a bit," than to suggest, as I have done, that Omar the astronomer in the eleventh century was not the supposed fifteenth century poet who wrote the earliest Rubáiyát. Does it not matter whether Shakespeare or W. H. Ireland wrote "Vortigern"? Does it not matter whether Parnell or Pigott wrote certain famous letters? I do not say that Omar the astronomer never existed, but I distinctly assert that the heretical doctrines in the Rubáiyát belong not to the orthodox period of Mohammedanism in the eleventh century, but to the decadent period from 1350 to 1450. You do not find references to the wine cup, to hopeless extinction of the soul after death, and to other



heresies of the Rubáiyát, in the poems of the earlier period; but you do find them in the verses of Hafiz, who died in 1389, and in those of his contemporaries. The earliest extant copy of the Rubáiyát is dated "Shiraz, 1460," and Hafiz was born and lived at Shiraz. Hence, from internal evidence it is plain that the Rubáiyát were the work of a fourteenth or fifteenth century poet, to whom the author, fraudulently or piously, affixed the name of one who was renowned in philosophy, just as Ireland used Shakespeare's name as most likely to float "Vortigern" into fame. And as Ireland was successful in imposing upon Sheridan and others so far as to have the fictitious drama performed in London, so the sham Omar, after centuries of neglect, was rescued by FitzGerald, and made the peg whereon to hang certain ideas which are not in the original Persian. It is a slander upon one who may have been a devout Mussulman to father these heretical verses upon him, especially in an age when acute criticism is dominant.—A. H. MILLAR.

[We regret to say that the "Looker-on" is entirely unrepentant, and we see no particular reason why we should urge him to repentance. It is FitzGerald's poem which is the precious thing, and it really cannot matter now whether to ascribe the original to Omar or is or is not "a slander upon one who may have been a devout Mussulman." "May have been" is, like "molted Queen," good. "Looker-on" suggested that Mr. Millar was a matter-of-fact Scotsman. He has also the caution of the race.—ED.]

"GOODING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In these days people take so much interest, and such a pleasant, intelligent, and friendly interest, in the ways of life, speech, and thought of the poorer classes, and especially in those of the older of them, whose memory goes back to customs that no longer prevail, that it seems as if the time were almost come for a revival of the good old Sussex institution of "gooding." This was a regularly established custom, according to which, on St. Thomas's Day, i.e., December 21st, any of the poorer classes who cared to do so went out to visit well-to-do neighbours, "to gossip upon the past," to drink elderberry wine and eat cake, and pick up any dote that charity and goodwill about Christmas-time might feel willing to give. No doubt it is a custom that might be abused, but probably one might say "not at home" to a "gooding" visitor, as well as to one in a higher class of life; but there are many of our old friends whom we should receive so willingly "to gossip upon the past," sure that we should get a deal more from them than the value of the dole or the elderberry wine; and, after all, it is more satisfactory to make this friendly kind of exchange than to hand over the perfunctory half-crown which is accepted almost as a right, without further formality than wishing you a "Merry Christmas," according to the crude modern manner—a taking and giving that has little more of blessedness or sentiment for payer or payee than your transactions with the tax collector. We might at all events make this feast of St. Thomas the occasion for picking up some of that folk-lore for which the taste seems to be reviving in proportion as the means of satisfying it are disappearing. The old people in the cottages know so many things that are not written in books. It seems to be a compensation for the inability to read that they should have a store of knowledge that he who merely reads does not run up against.—H.

PROTECTION FOR CORDON ARCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you the photograph of a cordon arch in the garden at The Elms, Crawley, Sussex, the blossom of which has for several years been greatly damaged by the May frosts; but this year it has been protected by a shelter of Japanese paper, which is simple and inexpensive, and the blossom has not been injured in the slightest degree. The protection has also been found of great benefit to standard peaches, also to vegetables.—A. DIXON.